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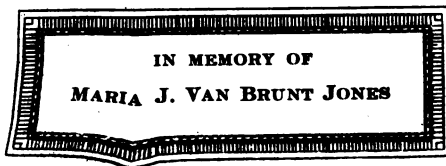
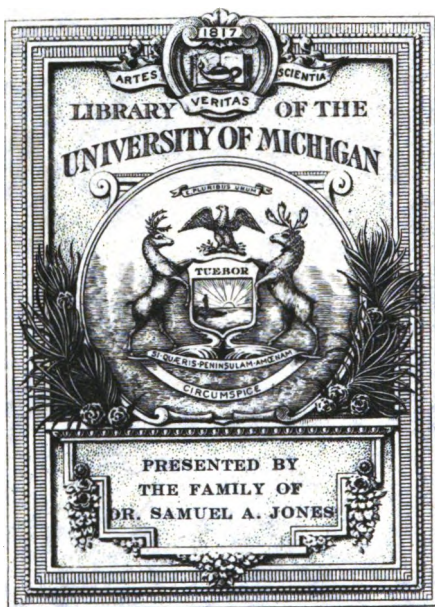
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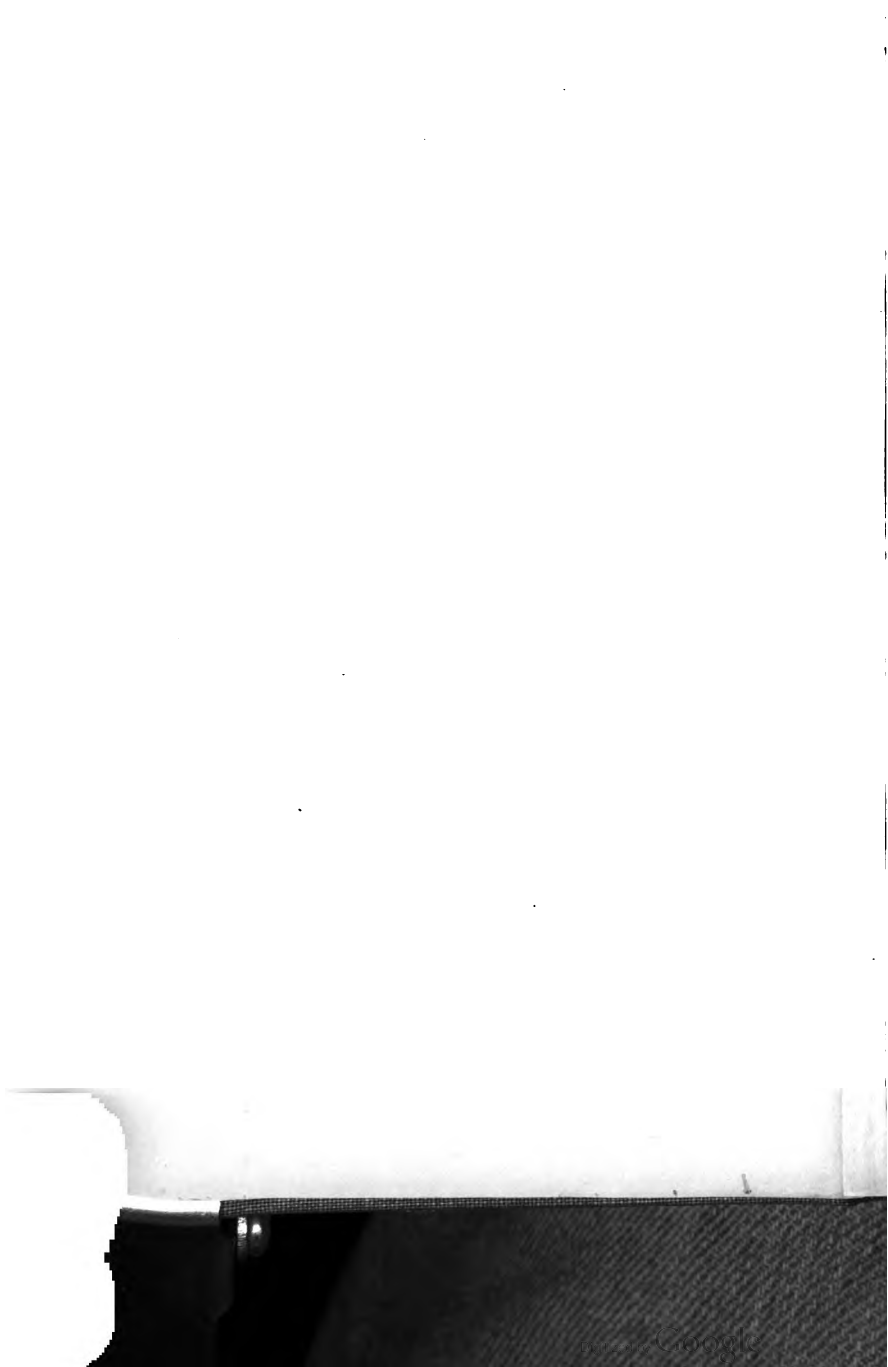
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817.

LIVERPOOL:
PRINTED BY D. MARPLES, LORD STREET.



It is also hoped that this publication will furnish another link in our knowledge of the mental and moral history of our gifted townsman. His Historical and other works are the fruit of more mature years, and, as history, are not peculiarly fitted to exhibit the FULL development of the man. But Poetry is at all times an intelligible record of the tone and feeling of the inner life, and even as such alone is peculiarly valuable. From his "Ode to a Liverpool Institution," we should naturally expect to find in him, the cultivated admirer and supporter of the Arts; from his "Wrongs of Africa," the unflinching assertor of human liberty against oppression and injustice; from his Sonnets, the affectionate parent and friend; and from his Hymns and Invocations, the devout and reverent worshipper of the Most High, as manifested in every sphere of His being. And in exact correspondence with these was his life; developing and realising the Apostolic injunction—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." To adopt the elegant language of Washington Irving, "He has shut himself up in no garden of thought, no elysium of fancy; but has gone forth into the high-ways and thoroughfares of life; he has planted bowers by the way-side, for the refreshment of the pilgrim and the sojourner, and has opened pure fountains, where the labouring man may turn aside from the dust and heat of the day, and drink of the living streams of knowledge. There is a 'daily beauty in his life,' on which mankind may meditate and grow better. It exhibits no lofty and almost useless, because inimitable, example of excellence; but presents a picture of active, yet simple and imitable virtues, which are within every man's reach, but which, unfortunately, are not exercised by many, or this world

would be a paradise." "He may be regarded," says the Hon. G. C. Verplanck, "as having almost created his own mind, springing up and forcing its way through a thousand obstacles; as self-prompted, self-sustained, and almost self-educated; conquering every obstacle, and making his own road to fame and fortune; and after becoming one of the ornaments of the nation, turning the whole force of his talents and influence to advance and embellish his native town."

In conclusion, the publisher has to express his obligation to J. A. Picton, Esq.; Joseph Mayer, Esq., F.S.A.; J. Boardman, Esq.; and Mr. W. Nicol, of the Mechanics' Institution, for their kindness in furnishing him with much information, and many of the poems, which otherwise he would have had great difficulty in obtaining.

12, SOUTH CASTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL,

March, 1853.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Mount Pleasant:*

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet* —

HOR.

FREED from the cares that daily throng my breast,
Again, beneath my native shades I rest.
These shades, where lightly fled my youthful day,
Ere fancy bowed to reason's boasted sway.
—Untaught the toils of busier life to bear,
The fool's impertinence, the proud man's sneer;
Sick of the world, to these retreats I fly,
Devoid of art my early reed to try:
To paint the prospects which around me rise,
What time the cloudless sun descends the skies,
Each latent beauty of the landscape trace,
Fond of the charms that deck my native place.

* An agreeable eminence near Liverpool, which commanded the prospect described in the following Poem, written by Roscoe at the age of sixteen.

The shades of GRONGAR bloom secure of fame ;
EDGE-HILL to JAGO owes its lasting name ;
When WINDSOR-FOREST's loveliest scenes decay,
Still shall they live in POPE's unrivalled lay.
Led on by Hope an equal theme I choose :
—O might the subject boast an equal Muse !
Then should her name the force of time defy,
When sunk in ruin LIVERPOOL shall lie.

How numerous now her thronging buildings rise !
What varied objects strike the wandering eyes !
Where rise yon masts her crowded navies ride,
And the broad rampire checks the beating tide ;
Along the beach her spacious streets extend,
Her areas open, and her spires ascend ;
In loud confusion mingled sounds arise,
The docks re-echoing with the seamen's cries,
The massy hammer sounding from afar,
The bell slow-tolling, and the rattling car ;
And thundering oft the cannon's horrid roar,
In lessening echoes dies along the shore.

There with the genuine glow of COMMERCE fired,
Her anxious votaries plod the streets untired ;
Each calm, sequestered scene of life despise,
And all those sweets the vacant hour supplies,
When wearied study slacks her rigid rein,
And scarce one loitering thought disturbs the brain :
—Lost to those arts, the happier few admire
The Painter's pencil, and the Poet's lyre ;

The soft emotions gentler bosoms move,
The voice of Friendship, and the smiles of Love;
To all that soothes the painful hour of strife;
To all that graces, all that sweetens life.

Ah! why, ye Sons of Wealth, with ceaseless toil,
Add gold to gold, and swell the shining pile?
Your general course to happiness ye bend,
Why then to gain the means neglect the end?
To purchase peace requires a scanty store,—
—O spurn the grovelling wish that pants for more!—
And thirst not with the same unconquered rage,
Till nature whitens in the frost of age;
But rather, on the present hour rely,
And catch the happier moments ere they fly;
And whilst the spring of life each bliss inspires,
Improve its gifts, and feed the social fires:
Let Friendship soften, Love her charms disclose,
Peace guard your hours, and sweeten your repose.
Yet not regardless how your joys endure,
Let watchful Prudence make those joys secure.

Far as the eye can trace the prospect round,
The splendid tracks of opulence are found:
Yet scarce an hundred annual rounds have run,
Since first the fabric of this power begun;
His noble waves inglorious, MERSEY rolled,
Nor felt those waves by labouring art controlled;
Along his side a few small cots were spread,
His finny brood their humble tenants fed;

At opening dawn, with fraudulent nets supplied,
The paddling skiff would brave his spacious tide,
Ply round the shores, nor tempt the dangerous main,
But seek ere night the friendly port again.

Now o'er the wondering world her name resounds,
From Northern climes, to INDIA's distant bounds.
—Where'er his shores the broad ATLANTIC laves;
Where'er the BALTIC rolls his wintry waves;
Where'er the honoured flood extends his tide,
That clasps SICILIA like a favoured bride;
Whose waves in ages past so oft have bore
The storm of battle on the Punic shore;
Have washed the banks of GREECE's learned bowers,
And viewed at distance ROME's imperial towers;
In every clime her prosperous fleets are known,
She makes the wealth of every clime her own:
GREENLAND for her its bulky whale resigns,
And temperate GALLIA rears her generous vines;
'Midst warm IBERIA citron-orchards blow,
And the ripe fruitage bends the labouring bough:
The OCCIDENT a richer tribute yields,
Far different produce swells their cultured fields;
Hence the strong cordial that inflames the brain,
The honeyed sweetness of the juicy cane,
The vegetative fleece, the azure dye,
And every product of a warmer sky.

There AFRIC's swarthy sons their toils repeat,
Beneath the fervors of the noon-tide heat;

Torn from each joy that crowned their native soil,
No sweet reflections mitigate their toil;
From morn, to eve, by rigorous hands oppress,
Dull fly their hours, of every hope unblest.
Till, broke with labour, helpless, and forlorn,
From their weak grasp the lingering morsel torn;
The reed-built hovel's friendly shade denied;
The jest of folly, and the scorn of pride;
Drooping beneath meridian suns they lie,
Lift the faint head, and bend the imploring eye;
Till Death, in kindness, from the tortured breast
Calls the free spirit to the realms of rest.

Shame to Mankind! But shame to BRITONS most,
Who all the sweets of Liberty can boast;
Yet, deaf to every human claim, deny
That bliss to others, which themselves enjoy:
Life's bitter draught with harsher bitter fill;
Blast every joy, and add to every ill;
The trembling limbs with galling iron bind,
Nor loose the heavier bondage of the mind.

Yet whence these horrors? this inhuman rage,
That brands with blackest infamy the age?
Is it, our varied interests disagree,
And BRITAIN sinks if AFRIC's sons be free?
—No—Hence a few superfluous stores we claim,
That tempt our avarice, but increase our shame;
The sickly palate touch with more delight,
Or swell the senseless riot of the night.—

—Blest were the days ere Foreign Climes were known,
Our wants contracted, and our wealth our own ;
When Health could crown, and Innocence endear,
The temperate meal, that cost no eye a tear :
Our drink, the beverage of the crystal flood,
—Not madly purchased by a brother's blood—
Ere the wide-spreading ills of Trade began,
Or Luxury trampled on the rights of Man.

When COMMERCE, yet an infant, raised her head, .
'T was mutual want her growing empire spread :
Those mutual wants a distant realm supplied,
And like advantage every clime enjoyed.
Distrustless then of every treacherous view,
An open welcome met the stranger crew ;
And whilst the whitening fleet approached to land,
The wondering natives hailed them from the strand ;
Fearless to meet, amidst the flow of soul,
The lurking dagger, or the poisoned bowl.

Now, more destructive than a blighting storm,
A bloated monster, Commerce rears her form ;
Throws the meek olive from her daring hand,
Grasps the red sword, and whirls the flaming brand :
True to no faith ; by no restraints controlled ;
By guilt made cautious, and by avarice bold.
Each feature reddens with the tinge of shame,
Whilst PATNA's plain, and BUXAR's fields I name ;
How droops BENGAL beneath Oppression's reign !
How groans ORISSA with the weight of slain !

To glut her rage, what thousands there have bled,
What thrones are vacant, and what princes dead !
In vain may War's relenting fury spare,
Attendant Famine follows in the rear ;
And the poor natives but survive, to know
The lingering horrors of severer woe.
— Can this be she, who promised once to bind
In leagues of strictest amity, mankind ?
This fiend, whose breath inflames the spark of strife,
And pays with trivial toys the price of life ?

As some industrious man, whose prudent mind
To business is in earlier years inclined,
With ceaseless steps, the road of wealth pursues,
Bounds there his wish, and centres all his views ;
Till satiate with success, he quits the chase,
And sighs for happier hours of rest and peace ;
Feels avarice in his softening breast decay,
And nobler passions in their turns bear sway ;
Feels genuine taste, by weeds obscured too long,
Spring in the mind, and boast a bloom more strong :
So rose the pride of Mersky's spacious stream,
Repose her scorn, and riches all her aim :
Till grown at length by long attention great,
The Arts have chosen here their blest retreat.

At their approach, see Gothic taste retire !
And true proportion raise the graceful spire,
Mould the proud column, swell the spacious dome,
To GRECIA's genius give the strength of ROME !

The marble, see! with mimic nature warm,
 Spring into life, and beam with every charm :
 O'er the smooth canvas mingling colours flow,
 The features open, and the landscape glow.
 Reviving Science opes her latent mines,
 The judgment ripens, and the thought refines.
 And here * * * * * with genius all his own,
 New tracks explores, and arts before unknown.
 —O formed in every varied scene to please!
 With manly sense endued, and native ease;
 With eloquence to still the listening throng,
 Fix every eye, and silence every tongue;
 Save, when attention overflows its bound,
 And the still murmur of applause goes round!

The MUSES, too, their kindling influence bring,
 Wake the sweet lute, and strike the sounding string;
 And whilst they rove on MERSEY's favoured side,
 Smooth rolls the stream, and prouder swells the tide.
 'T is theirs, the chains of avarice to unbind,
 Pour softer manners on the attentive mind;
 To bid the bosom gentler passions prove;
 The friends of Virtue, and the friends of Love.
 —Here safely planted, deep they strike the root,
 And generous Candour guards the infant shoot.
 To tempt their stay, and win their lasting smile,
 The Friends of Genius raised yon spacious Pile : *
 There, whilst cold precepts ineffectual prove,
 The great example never fails to move.

* The Theatre Royal, erected by Subscription.

As differing feelings different scenes supply,
We droop in anguish, or we swell with joy :
Now soothed to love, we own the softening flame ;
Now powerful horrors rush through all our frame ;
The strong delusions lead the struggling will,
The nerveless captive of the Poet's skill.

If frowning Satire opens all her rage,
And drags the prosperous villain on the stage ;
Or if, with nicer skill, she aims the dart,
To wound the smaller foibles of the heart,
Bids Self-applause her favourite mirror quit,
And wakes in Virtue's cause the powers of Wit :
If on the stage the Comic Muse be seen,
With broader smile, and more neglected mien ;
Through every part, some useful lessons shine,
Some latent moral lies in every line ;
The varied scenes to one great purpose tend,
"To raise the genius, and the heart to mend."

Sweep the light strings, and louder swell the Lyre !
Far nobler Themes a nobler song require.—
The Heaven-born Virtues come,—a lovely train ;
They prompt the verse,—be their's the votive strain.
—Not those that seek in lonely shades to dwell,
The selfish inmates of the hermit's cell ;
Like his pale lamp, a partial light supply,
Unblest to live, and unregarded die ;
But those designed to soothe the labouring breast,
Protect the weak, and give the weary rest ;

Assuage the rigors of corporeal pain ;
 Supply the poor, and loose the prisoner's chain :
 And like the radiance of the solar ray,
 On all around to pour impartial day.

—Known by the watery lustre of her eye,
 Her sorrowing smile, and sympathising sigh ;
 See! tender PITY comes; —at her control,
 Drops the big tear, and melts the stubborn soul ;
 So the rude rock by power divine impelled,
 Gushed forth in streams, and cheered the thirsty field.
 —Next CHARITY,—by no proud pageants known,
 Nor crown, nor sweeping train, nor azure zone.
 —If chance remembrance wakes the generous deed,
 No pride elates her, and she claims no meed ;
 And timorous ever of the vulgar gaze,
 She loves the action, but disclaims the praise.
 —Yet not of Virtue's open cause afraid,
 Where public blessings ask her public aid,
 She shines superior to the wretch's sneer,
 And bold in conscious honour, knows no fear.
 Hence rose yon pile, where sickness finds relief,
 Where lenient care allays the weight of grief ; *
 —Yon spacious roof, where, hushed in calm repose,
 The drooping widow half forgets her woes : †
 —Yon calm retreat, where, screened from every ill,
 The helpless orphan's throbbing heart lies still ; ‡

* The public Infirmary.

† The Alm-Houses adjoining the Infirmary.

‡ The Blue-Coat Hospital.

And finds delighted, in the peaceful dome,
A better parent, and a happier home.

Far to the right, where Mersey duteous pours
To the broad main his tributary stores ;
Tinged with the radiance of the golden beam,
Sparkle the quivering waves : and 'midst the gleam
In different hues, as sweeps the changeful ray,
Pacific fleets their guiltless pomp display :
Fair to the sight, they spread the floating sail,
Catch the light breeze, and skim before the gale ;
Till lessening gradual on the stretching view,
Obscure they mingle in the distant blue ;
Where in soft tints the sky with ocean blends,
And on the weakened sight, the long, long prospect ends.

Where wild Tornadoes sweep along the sky,
And o'er the climate gleamy lightnings fly ;
Where poisonous groves exhale their noxious breath,
And crested serpents swell with secret death ;
Or where bleak hills perpetual snow sustain,
And the faint sun scarce liquidates the main ;
For these dread climes their native shores they leave,
And dare the secret rock, and maddening wave.
—Those native shores, their eyes no more may view,
If big with horror angry fate pursue ;
Though now in grim repose the tempests sleep,
Soon may they howl along the shivering deep ;
Dash the proud vessel o'er the blackened brine,
Crush the strong mast, and break the friendly line :

Till on the beach an hapless wreck she lies;
And human savages secure the prize :
Stab the faint wretch, if any such remain,
Explore the bark, and share the glittering gain.

But should kind Heaven her course in safety keep,
Calm the strong gale, and still the boiling deep,
Then 'midst the friendly port, with joyful pride,
Laden with western riches shall she ride ;
And COMMERCE, smiling on the busy strand,
Shall fondly hail her favourite sons to land.

Yet lovelier scenes the varied prospect cheer,
Where CESTRIA's plains in long extent appear.
There shine the yellow fields with corn o'erspread ;
There lifts BRITANNIA's oak its towering head :
Swells the brown hill, the sloping vales retire,
And o'er the woodland peeps the rural spire ;
Above the rest the CAMBRIAN mountains rise,
Close the long view, and mingle with the skies.

Can GALLIA's vine-crowned hills with these compare ?
Though there the peasant breathes a milder air ;
Or can IBERIA's loveliest landscapes show
So rich a prospect, or so bright a glow ?
There suns all sultry parch the cracking soil,
The hardening meadow mocks the peasant's toil ;
The spirits droop beneath the noon-tide blaze,
And all the roseate bloom of health decays :

But here she loves her choicest gifts to pour,
Breathes in each gale, and melts in every shower ;
Sheds joy, and gladness, o'er the temperate plain,
And crowns the cottage of the labouring swain :
'Midst the thronged vale, as she imparts her smile,
Care smoothes her front, and Labour scorns his toil ;
And Love, his dewy locks with roses bound,
Trips o'er the lawn, and meditates the wound.

At distance far from frowns tyrannic fled,
Here sacred FREEDOM rears her awful head ;
Queen of each liberal art ! O may thy smile
Still bless Britannia's ever-grateful Isle !
—Soon shall proud Greece her envied name resign,
And future poets, patriots, heroes shine ;
Then shall the Muse expand a stronger wing,
And other MILTONS strike the sounding string ;
To future ages give the warrior's name,
Whose breast expansive owned thy generous flame,
Who at thy sacred shrine resigned his breath,
And sternly grasped thy lovely form in death.

Far on the view—at softened distance seen,
Whilst rolls the stream its copious waves between,
There—long deserted by the sable band,
A lonely abbey glooms upon the strand : *
When once the towering arch, in Gothic state
Rose high ; and frowned recluse the iron grate :

* The Abbey or Priory of Birkenhead, or Birkett ; built on the opposite shore of the River Mersey, in the Reign of Henry II.

But shook by time, the lofty columns fall,
The wide roof drops, and sinks the mouldering wall ;
The hollow gale through every cavern flies,
And the dull owl repeats her midnight cries.

Here Superstition once assumed her reign ;
Religion sickened in her weighty chain :
And all obscured beneath the dreary gloom,
The social Graces lost their lovely bloom.
—No casual Virtue marked the passing day,
Whilst slept the Monks the circling years away ;
Dead to those nobler passions, whence proceed
The liberal sentiment and generous deed,
That prompt to general good the selfish mind,
And wake the ardent wish to bless mankind :
The ills of life no longer claimed a care,
But every Virtue centred in—a Prayer.

So stands some lake amidst the sheltering vale,
Its waves unruffled by the rising gale ;
On the green surge are poisonous insects found,
And putrid vapours spread black mists around :
Whilst the clear rill gives sweetness, as it flows,
To every flower that on its margin grows.

Ah! brand them not in one promiscuous throng,
(Thus candour would restrain the rigid song.)
For some perhaps, amidst the numerous crew,
A nobler motive to the mansion drew :

—Long travelled through the thorny paths of life,
Long labouring to maintain the unequal strife,
To misery lent the little fortune gave,
The storm approaching, and no friend to save;
Or from each fond connection early torn,
Abandoned, hopeless, destitute, forlorn;
To every thought of earthly pleasure dead,
Some Sorrower here might rest his weary head;
And oft, as kindred woes approached his ear,
Bestow the secret tribute of a tear:
Or from these varying scenes avert his eyes,
Scorn every transient ill, and gain the skies;
Till o'er his path, hope beamed her brightest ray,
And peace celestial strewed with flowers the way.

Now sober evening, wet with pearly dews,
Slow o'er the mead, the lingering gleam pursues;
A pleasing stillness through the air extends,
Save when the murmur from the Town ascends;
Or when, at intervals, the red-breast's throat
Pours the clear warblings of his closing note,
Which, floating pensive on the breathing wind,
Leave soft impressions on the vacant mind.

O still, at evening's milder hour, be mine
To trace with raptured eye the dear decline!
Catch the pure gale as from the main it springs,
Salubrious freshness dropping from its wings;
—Then, cares forgot, and sorrow soothed to rest,
Each ruder passion banished from the breast,

Mild as the hour, and cloudless as the skies,
The mind on stronger pinions loves to rise ;
And, loosened from the dull restraints of day,
Expansive gives the springs of thought to play :
Bold, active, vigorous, through the enfranchised soul,
The nobler train of fair ideas roll ;
The ardent glow, that wakes at friendship's name :
The thirst of science, and the patriot flame ;
The generous fear, that wounds the youthful breast,
'To live inglorious, and to die unblest ;
A liberal scorn of every low desire,
Of all that knaves pursue, and fools admire ;
Of fortune's stores, of splendour's sickly blaze,
Precarious bliss, and unsubstantial praise.

Now wrapt beneath the deepening gloom of night,
Fades the gay prospect on the glimmering sight ;—
—Thus in the round of time's unchecked career,
Day follows day, and year succeeds to year ;
And changeful ever, as the circle flies,
As empires fall, successive empires rise.
What now remains of TYRE's imperial pride ?
Where float the fleets that crowned her constant tide,
That 'midst her echoing ports their sails unfurled,
Braved the wide seas, and searched each distant world ?
—Not her broad base of glory could withstand
The conquering force of time's destructive hand.

And though on fortune's swelling tide borne high,
No dangers threaten, and no fears annoy ;

The time may come,—O distant be the year,—
When desolation spreads her empire here.
When Trade's uncertain triumph shall be o'er,
And the wave roll neglected on the shore ;
Returning verdure clothe the pathless plain,
And not one trace of former pride remain.
— Yet even then, when, all her splendour fled,
This mart of nations shall decline her head,
When dark oblivion veils this faint essay,
(The short-lived offspring of a vernal day,)
Her name, in time's perennial lists enrolled,
Shall rank with those which Commerce loved of old ;
And teach mankind, how vain the pride that springs
From the short glory of terrestrial things.



ON THE INSTITUTION OF A SOCIETY IN LIVERPOOL, FOR THE
ENCOURAGEMENT OF DESIGNING, DRAWING, PAINTING, &c.,
READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY, DECEMBER 17TH, 1778.

Quel présage pour Polhimmie !
La gloire des dieux du pinceau,
A la reine de l'harmonie
Annonce un triomphe nouveau.
—Par des reciproques secours
Augmentant leur clarté féconde
Les astres éclairent le monde
Sans se combattre dans leur cours.

GRESSET.

FROM climes where Slavery's iron chain
Has bound to earth the soaring mind,
Where GRECIA mourns her blasted plain
To want and indolence resigned ;
From fair ITALIA's once-loved shore,
(The land of Freedom now no more)
Disdainful of each former seat,
The ARTS, a lovely train, retreat :
Still prospering under FREEDOM's eye,
With her they bloom, with her they fly ;

And when the Power transferred her smile
 To ALBION'S ever-grateful isle,
 The lovely Fugitives forgot to roam,
 But raised their altars here, and fixed their happier home.

Swift fly the hovering shades of Night,
 When bursts the orient dawn of Day;
 As swift before their mental light
 The clouds of Ignorance decay.
 First came the MUSE—her great design
 Each dull sensation to refine;
 To plant in every rugged breast
 The seeds of GENIUS and of TASTE;
 To bid the heart expand with woe,
 Or with the great example glow,
 Or smile along the sportive page,
 Or shrink at Satire's pointed rage;
 Through Fancy's realms the wondering mind to bear,
 And for her sister Arts an easier path prepare.

Of power to still the raging deep,
 To damp the gay, to warm the cold,
 To bid the steel-ribbed warrior weep,
 And make the trembling dastard bold,
 To free the slave, the wild to tame,
 QUEEN of the SPHERES, next MUSIC came:—
 Her strains can every ~~ear~~ ^{ear} control,
 And waft to heaven the listening soul;
 Can every soft affection move,
 And tune the amorous pulse to love:

Now chaste and rapturous joys inspire,
Pure as the vestal's sacred fire ;
Now loud and dreadful swell the strong alarms,
Foment the thirst of blood, the glorious rage of arms.

Next came the POWER, in whom conjoined
Their differing excellence is shewn ;
Yet sweetly blended, and combined
With charms peculiarly her own.
Beneath the great Creator's eye,
'T was she with azure spread the sky ;
And when Creation first had birth,
In happiest hues arrayed the earth :
Still varying in each varied scene,
Bedecked the smiling meads with green,
Blushed in the flower, and tinged the fruit,
More lovely still as more minute ;
O'er every part the veil of beauty cast,
In heavenly colours bright, through numerous years to last

Her's is the glowing bold design,
The just and lessening perspective,
The beauties of the waving line,
And all the pencil's power can give.
'T is true—the BARD's harmonious tongue
May draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Describe the dreadful scenes of war,
The crested helm, the rattling car ;
The generous thirst of praise inspire,
And kindle virtue's sacred fire :

Yet still may PAINTING's glowing hand
An equal share of praise command ;
In every province claim her mingled part,
The wondering sense to charm, or moralize the heart.

Majestic, nervous, bold, and strong,
Let ANGELO with MILTON vie ;
Opposed to WALLER's amorous song,
His art let wanton TITIAN try ;
Let great ROMANO's free design
Contend with DRYDEN's pompous line ;
And chaste CORREGGIO's graceful air,
With POPE's unblemished page compare ;
LORRAINE may rival THOMSON's name ;
And HOGARTH's equal BUTLER's fame :
For still, where'er the aspiring Muse
Her wide, unbounded flight pursues,
Her Sister soars on kindred wings sublime,
And gives her favourite names to grace the rolls of time.

When just degrees of shade and light
Contend in sweetest harmony,
Then bursts upon the raptured sight
The silent MUSIC of the eye.
Bold, as the Bass's deeper sound,
We trace the well-imagined ground ;
Next in the varying scenes behind,
The sweet melodious Tenor find ;
And as the softening notes decay,
The distant prospect fades away :

Their aid if mingling colours give,
To bid the mimic landscape live;
The visual concert breaks upon the eyes,
With every different charm which Music's hand supplies.

If, torn from all we hold most dear,
The tedious moments slowly roll,
Can Music's tenderest accents cheer
The silent grief that melts the soul?
Or can the Poet's boasted art
The healing balm of peace impart?
—Ah, no!—'T is only PAINTING'S power
Can soothe the sad, the painful hour;
Can bring the much-loved form to view,
In features exquisitely true:
The sparkling eye, the blooming face,
The shape adorned with every grace,
To Nature's self scarce yield the doubtful strife,
Swell from the deepening shade, and ask the gift of life.

By slow degrees, the Muse's skill
A just conception must impart;
Bend by degrees the stubborn will;
Touch by degrees the hardened heart:
To aid the task whilst Memory joins,
And every wandering thought combines;
Collecting then the beauteous whole,
She gives the idea to the soul:
But when, with happiest nature warm,
The Artist spreads his pictured charm,

At once we feel the accomplished thought,
At once the great effect is wrought;
Nor only to the judging few confined,
It strikes each artless eye, and speaks to every mind.

In all the force of language drest,
But faintly moves the feeble strain;
But to the faithful sight exprest,
The story thrills through every vein.
Friend of the Arts, when CÆSAR bled,
Soon as the murderous tidings spread,
Each Roman heaved a sigh sincere,
Each hardy veteran dropped a tear:
But when, to public view confest,
High waved the hero's blood-stained vest,
A generous phrenzy seized the throng,
Revenge was heard from every tongue;
Thence every nervous arm fresh vigour drew,
Bright gleamed the vengeful steel, and dreadful firebrands flew.

O Queen of heaven's unnumbered dyes!
Whose skill, with various power replete,
Can bid the swift ideas rise,
Of tender, beauteous, strong, and great!
For thee in mutual bands we join;—
Nor thou the fond attempt decline;
But to our longing sight display
Some sparks of thy celestial ray:
And if beneath a rough disguise
The latent gem of Genius lies,

Do thou impart thy friendly aid,
Thy loveliest polish o'er it spread ;
So shall its beams, with genuine lustre bright,
Pour radiance on thine head, who called it first to light.

And ye, with wealth profusely blest,
The substitutes of Power supreme,
To cheer the heart by grief deprest,
And cherish Virtue's sacred flame ;
To us your generous cares extend ;
The suppliant train of Arts befriend :
Nor think, to Misery's claims unjust,
You misapply your sacred trust ;
Or, whilst you bid the Genius rise,
Your noble task neglected lies :
For still the breast where GENIUS glows,
A sense of MORAL BEAUTY knows ;
Endued with gifts above the crowd to shine,
The judge of Nature's works, and Virtue's charms divine.

The Wrongs of Africa.

PART THE FIRST. *

*Sed postquam tellus scelere est imbuta nefando,
Justitiamque omnes cupida de mente fugarunt,
Perfudere manus fraterno sanguine fratres.—CATULLUS.*

OFFSPRING of love divine, Humanity!
To whom, his eldest born, the Eternal gave
Dominion o'er the heart; and taught to touch
Its varied stops in sweetest unison;
And strike the string that from a kindred breast
Responsive vibrates! From the noisy haunts
Of mercantile confusion, where thy voice
Is heard not; from the meretricious glare
Of crowded theatres, where in thy place
Sits Sensibility, with watery eye,
Dropping o'er fancied woes her useless tear; —
Come Thou! and weep with me substantial ills,
And execrate the wrongs, that Afric's sons,
Torn from their natal shore, and doomed to bear
The yoke of servitude in western climes,
Sustain. Nor vainly let our sorrows flow,

* The First Part of the following Poem was published in 1787, and the Second Part in the year following.

Nor let the strong emotion rise in vain ;
But may the kind contagion widely spread,
Till in its flame the unrelenting heart
Of avarice melt in softest sympathy,—
And one bright blaze of universal love,
In grateful incense, rises up to heaven.

Formed with the same capacity of pain,
The same desire of pleasure and of ease,
Why feels not Man for man? When nature shrinks
From the slight puncture of an insect's sting,
Faints if not screened from sultry suns, and pines
Beneath the hardship of an hour's delay
Of needful nutriment; when liberty
Is prized so dearly, that the slightest breath
That ruffles but her mantle, can awake
To arms unwarlike nations, and can rouse
Confederate states to vindicate her claims;
How shall the sufferer, Man, his fellow doom
To ills he mourns, or spurns at? tear with stripes
His quivering flesh; with hunger and with thirst
Waste his emaciate frame? in ceaseless toils
Exhaust his vital powers; and bind his limbs
In galling chains? Shall he whose fragile form
Demands continual blessings, to support
Its complicated texture,—air, and food,
Raiment, alternate rest, and kindly skies,
And healthful seasons,—dare with impious voice
To ask those mercies, whilst his selfish aim
Arrests the general freedom of their course?
And, gratified beyond his utmost wish,
Debar another from the bounteous store?

From her exhaustless springs the fruitful earth
The wants of all supplies : her children, we
From her full veins the grateful juices draw,
With life and health replete ; nor hard return
She at our hands requires, nor more than suits
The ends of health and pleasure ; yet bestows
On all her offspring, with a parent's love,
Her gifts impartial : of the self same frame,
Alike in passions, appetites, and powers,
We seize the boon her equal care extends,
But whilst we grasp it, turn an eye unblest
Upon a brother's birth-right ; nor desist
With hands unhallowed, till by fraud or force
We call his portion ours ; nor stop we here,
But bid the plundered wretch again return,
And supplicate again with toil, and tears,
The general mother ; and as she bestows,
Again we tear the morsel from his hands ;
An useless booty !—whilst the sufferer droops
Beneath reiterated wrongs, and dies.

But thou, the master of the sable crew !
Lord of their lives, and ruler of their fate,
For whom they toil and bleed ! what powers unknown
Of keen enjoyment can thy nature boast,
That thus thy single bliss can grasp the sum
Of hapless numbers, sacrificed to thee ?
—Say, can their tears delight thee ? Can their groans
Add poignance to thy pleasures ? or, when death
Alarms thee with his summons, canst thou add
The total of their ravished lives to thine ?

Or spring not rather thy detested joys,
From some perversion of each nobler sense
Indulgent Nature gave thee? For the glow
Of melting charity, that looks on all
With eyes impartial; and receives delight
Most exquisite, whene'er her ready aid
Diffuses gladness, or represses pain,
Through the minutest particle of life;
Feels not thine hardened breast a horrid bliss
In the wild shriek of anguish? In the groan
Of speechless misery? Hence with tyrant voice
Thou bidst the trembling victim, to thy wrath
Devoted, writhe beneath the torturing whip,
Or, for some trivial fault, (to which compared,
The daily crime, which thou without remorse
Commit'st against him, is as ocean depth
To the shoal current of the scantiest rill,
To mutilation doom'st him, and to death.
—Dear to the heart is Freedom's generous flame,
And dear the exulting glow that warms the soul,
When struggling Virtue from the tyrant's grasp
Indignant rushes, and asserts her rights!
But for this nameless transport, thou hast found
A gloomy substitute, and from the depths
Of loathsome dungeons, manacles, and chains,
Canst draw strange pleasure, and preposterous joy.

And thou, the inferior minister of ill!
Inferior in degree, but in thy scorn
Of every milder virtue, in the love
Of rapine, and the quenchless thirst of gold,

His more than equal! O'er the Atlantic deep,
That rolls in vain to screen its eastern shores
From thy fierce purpose, on thou plough'st thy way;
And, firm and fearless, as thy voyage were meant
On messages of mercy, seest unmoved
The lightnings glare, and hear'st the thunders roll,
Regardless of their threats; when o'er the main
Rides in dread state the equinoctial blast,
And swells the insulted ocean, when thy bark
(The thin partition 'twixt thy fate and thee)
Labours through all her frame, and loudly threats
Thine instantaneous doom; thou still preservest
Thine execrable aim; nor storms, nor fire,
Nor fell diseases, nor impending death
Arrest thy purpose; till the distant shores
Of hapless Afric open on thy sight.

From northern Gambia, to the southern climes
Of sad ANGOLA, lie the fated lands,
Whose Genius mourns thy coming: waked by him,
In vain the elemental fury raged;
For thou hast triumphed: joyful on the strand
His sable sons receive thy wearied crew;
And bid them share their vegetable store,
Powerful to purify the tainted blood,
And grateful to the palate, long inured
To nutriment half putrid; in return,
Thou to their dazzled sight disclovest wide
Thy magazine of wonders, culled with care,
From all the splendid trifles that adorn
Thine own luxurious region; mimic gems,

That emulate the true ; fictitious gold,
To various uses fashioned, pointing out
Wants which before they knew not ; mirrors bright,
Reflecting to their quick and curious eye
Their sable features ; shells, and beads, and rings,
And all fantastic folly's jingling bells,
That catch the unpractised ear, and thence convey
Their unsuspected poison to the mind.

Yet not delightless passed their cloudless days.
The cheerful natives, ere the wasteful rage
Of European avarice changed the scene,
— Strangers alike to luxury and toil,
They, with assiduous labour, never woo'd
A coy and stubborn soil, that gave its fruits
Reluctant ; but on some devoted day
Performed the task, that for their future lives
Sufficed, and to the moist and vigorous earth
The youthful shoots committed : fervid suns,
And plenteous showers, the rising juices sent
Through all the turgid branches ; and ere long,
Screened from the scorching beam, beneath the shade
Himself had raised, the careless planter sat,
And from the bending branches cropt the fruit ;
More grateful to his unperverted taste,
Than all that glads the glutton's pampered meal.
Nor was amusement wanting ; oft at morn,
Lord of his time, the healthful native rose,
And seized his faithful bow, and took his way
'Midst tangled woods, or over distant plains,
To pierce the murderous pard ; when glowing noon

Poured its meridian fervors, in cool shades
He slept away the uncounted hours, till eve
Recalled him home; then 'midst the village train
He joined the mazy dance; then all his powers
Were waked to action; vigorous and alert
He bounded o'er the plain; or in due time
Plied his unwearied feet, and beat his hands;
Whilst bursts of laughter, and loud shouts of joy,
Spoke the keen pleasures of the admiring throng.
But when the active labours of the chase
No more delighted, in the shady bower
Idly industrious, sat reclined at ease
The sable artist; to the javelin's shaft,
The ebon staff, or maple goblet, gave
Fantastic decorations; simply carved,
Yet not inelegant; beneath his hands,
Oft, too, a cloth of firmer texture grew,
That, steeped in azure, mocks the brittle threads,
And fleeting tincture, of our boasted arts.
The task, performed beneath no master's eye,
Of trivial worth esteemed, successive months
Unfinished saw, whilst objects intervened,
Deemed more important; that by grateful change
Cheered the slow progress of his guiltless life.

Nor yet unknown to more refined delights,
Nor to the soft and social feelings lost,
Was the swart African: wherever man
Erects his dwelling, whether on the bleak
And frozen cliffs of Zembla's northern coast,
Or in meridian regions, Love attends,

And shares his habitation,—in his train
Come fond affections, come endearing joys,
And confidence, and tenderness, and truth :
For not to polished life alone confined
Are these primeval blessings ; rather there
Destroyed, or injured ; mercenary ties
There bind ill-suited tempers ; avarice there,
And pride, and lowering superstition cross
The tender union ; but where Nature reigns,
And universal freedom, love exults
As in his native clime ; there aims secure
His brightest arrow, steeped in keen delights,
To cultured minds, and colder skies, unknown.

Dark, and portentous, as the sable cloud,
That bears unseen contagion on its wings,
And drops destruction on the race of man,
Came the foul plague, that, brought from Europe, spread
O'er Afric's peaceful shores ; with sudden change
Perverting good, to evil : at the sight
Nature recoiled, and tore with frantic hand
Her own immortal features ; broke at once,
Were all the bonds of social life ; and rage,
And deadly hatred, and unchecked revenge,
In every bosom burned. The dance, the song,
Were now no more, for treachery's secret snare
Impended o'er their revels, and distrust
Had alienated man from man : no more,
At early dawn, o'er hills and plains unknown,
The hunter took his solitary range,
Lest, fiercer than the tiger or the pard,

He there should meet his fellows, and become
Himself the prey. Then mutual wars arose,
And neighbouring states, that never knew before
A motive of contention, took the field;
Not with the glorious hope of conquest fired,
But with detested avarice, to purloin
Their foes, and sell to Europe's shameless race
Their unoffending neighbours; soon themselves
To share their lot, and mourn the self-same chains.

But say, whence first the unnatural trade arose,
And what the strong inducement, that could tempt
Such dread perversion? Could not Afric's wealth,
Her ivory, and her granulated gold,
To her superfluous, well repay the stores
(Superfluous too) from distant Europe sent;
But liberty and life must be the price,
And man become the merchandise and spoil?
—O, when with slow and hesitating voice
The wily European first proposed
His hateful barter,—that some patriot hand,
Urged with prophetic rage, had stopt the source
Of future ill, and deep within his breast
The deadly weapon buried!—whilst aloof
Stood his pale brethren, paler then with fear,
And shuddering at the awful deed, had learnt
To venerate the eternal rights of man.

Artful, and fair, and eloquent of speech,
Was the first tempter, that in Eden's groves,

Guiltless before, brought sin, and pain, and death ;
And fair, and artful, were the cultured train,
That wound the snare round Afric's thoughtless sons,
And dragged them to perdition. In their eyes
Bright shine the splendid stores; around them throng
The wondering natives, and with strange delight
Gaze on their novel beauties; as they gaze,
New wishes rise, which, gratified in part,
And part restrained, and heightened by delay,
Wake the dread lust of *having*. What their climes
Of rich, or rare, for ornament, or use,
Afford, they glad resign ; but still unbought
Remains the shining treasure, far beyond
All possible equivalent; for vain
Were all the proffered gifts, that highest stood
In the poor native's estimate; his bow,
His reedy arrows, or the dappled skin
Won from the leopard in the dangerous chase ;
Meantime, impetuous rose the fierce desire,
And, like a sudden deluge, swept along
The sense of right uncultured nature gave,
Each softer feeling, every social tie,
And marked the arrival of the dreadful hour.
—The European caught the favouring time ;
And with bland speech, and softened smile, proposed
A prize that might the splendid booty win,
——A brother's sacrifice.

Safe on the sheltering coast of wide Benin,
The stately vessel rode ; and now the sun
Deep in the western flood had quenched his fires ;

And the wan moon, in heaven's opposing scale,
Hung her pale lamp, that o'er the breezy main,
Scattered its broken radiance—all was still—
When dim, beneath the sober beam of night
Was seen the light canoe, that towards the ship
Its hasty course directed: in it sat
Arebo and Corymbo,—brothers they,
And till this fatal moment more attached
By friendship than by nature; but too weak
Were nature's ties, or friendship's closer bonds,
And in the element of fierce desire,
Their brittle hold resigned. Corymbo doomed
His brother to captivity, and lured
To share the feigned excursion, and partake
The evening revel, with the morning light
Again to seek the shore. They reach the ship—
A shout of joy salutes them; on the deck
Corymbo leaps, whilst trembling close behind
Arebo follows, scarce as yet resolved
To share the banquet; on the distant shore
He turned his eyes, and felt his spirits sink
In strange dejection; sudden fear impelled
His steps, and from the vessel's towering height,
He sought to plunge for safety in the flood:
—But ah! too late—superior strength restrains
His vain attempt; and insults, and chains
Fill the sad series of his future days.

Meantime Corymbo, struck with conscious guilt,
Turned from the conflict; and in haste required
The promised bounty. "This be thy reward,"

Cried, with malicious smile, the watchful fiend
That first devised the treachery; and displayed
His implements of torture, whips, and bonds.
— Deep in the centre of the floating pile,
Were thrown the hapless brothers, there to pass
The changing moons, till in the western world
New woes awaited them, whilst mutual hate
Sharpened each pang, and doubled every ill.

Thus blasted were the joys of private life;
And the fair fruit of confidence received
A canker in its core, that, all unseen,
To poison turned its salutary powers.
— But these were trivial injuries, confined
To private wrong; and like the fever's rage,
Sought but precarious victims for their prey:
But soon the epidemic madness swelled
To pestilential fury, and involved
Surrounding nations in one general doom.
Nor only, then, beneath the gloom of night
In the lone path, the sable ruffian lurked,
Watchful to seize and sell, for useless toys,
His weaker fellow; but deluded states
Avowed the public measure; to the field
Marched forth contending armies, unprovoked
By previous wrong, to wage unnatural war:
Whilst he, the White Deceiver, who had sown
The seeds of discord, saw with horrid joy
The harvest ripen to his utmost wish;
And reaped the spoils of treachery, guilt, and blood.

Deep in the shady covert of a wood,
That screened from noon-day rage the slight-built bowers,
And distant far from ocean's heaving tides,
Lay a small hamlet; whose inglorious sons
Were strangers yet to war; save when, provoked
By hunger's call, the monsters of the waste
Attacked their dwellings. O'er the lone retreat
Sailed the dim cloud of night, and through the trees
Sighed the soft gale, and hushed to deep repose
The guiltless tenants—when a sudden fire
Involved their habitations; through the flames
They rushed for safety; but a numerous throng
Of native ruffians, from a distant shore,
Attacked the helpless crew, and bore away
Their trembling victims: loudly rose the voice
Of anguish, whilst the mother, for her child
Struggled with frantic violence, and dared
The extreme of danger; whilst the lover clasped
The mistress of his choice, and raised his breast
To meet the threatened blow; whilst youth, alarmed,
Trusted to flight for safety; and the tear
Of supplicating age was poured in vain:
—Fond tears, and vain attempts! shall mercy rest
In savage bosoms, when the cultured mind
Disclaims her influence? From their peaceful home
For ever torn, and chained in long array,
The mourning sufferers move along the plain,
A spectacle of woe; and frequent turn
Their tear-dimmed eyes towards the favourite spot
That gave them birth, and saw their youthful sports;
Whose streams had cooled their thirst, whose forests dark

Had screened their slumbers, and whose varied scenes
Had witnessed all their joys. They turn, and mourn
Their simple threshold, now with kindred blood
Defiled; their roofs, of rapid flames the prey;
The partners of their pleasures, now condemned
To share their lot, or pouring out their lives
Beneath untented wounds.—They turn, and weep;
Whilst o'er the burning sand the frequent goad
Hastens their lingering steps, till on their sight
Opens the extended ocean. Hovering near,
Like some dread monster, watchful for its prey,
The vessel glooms portentous; soon to seize
Her living victims, and to whelm them deep
In the dark caverns of her loathsome womb.

O might we here absolve the theme, and hide
Beneath the impenetrable veil of night
New scenes of horror! Happy so to spare
The blush, that else must tinge the ingenuous cheek;
To spare the tear of pity, nor provoke
The sudden imprecation that *will* burst
From plain integrity, when open wrong
Wantons secure in guilt!—and let it burst,
And let the cheek with burning blushes glow,
And Pity pour her tears: for is not Man
The author of the wrong? And shall not they,
In colour, nation, faith—associate all—
Who see, yet not resent it; hear of it,
Yet stand regardless; know it, yet partake
The luxuries it supplies; shall these not feel
The keen emotions of remorse and shame!

And learn this truth severe, that whilst they shun
The glorious conflict, nor assist the cause
Of suffering nature,—THEY PARTAKE THE GUILT?

Come, then, ye generous few, whose hearts can feel
For stranger sorrows; who can hear the voice
Of misery breathe across the Atlantic main,
Diminished not by distance!—Ye, too, come,
Ye patrons of distress, beneath whose smile
Exulting Charity beholds with joy
The numerous temples rising to her fame;
Where age in peace reposes; where the young
A safe asylum find; where sickness smiles,
And hunger meets relief!—Come, and with me
Descend that floating dungeon's dark recess,
To air scarce pervious; where, in numbers piled,
And closely wedged within the scanty breadth
Of calculated inches, pass their hours
The victims of our Avarice. Tell me, then,
Did ever he, the glory of our isle,
Our new *ALCIDES*, in whose conquering grasp
The serpents of oppression drooped and died;
Who now essays his heavenly-tempered spear
Against the eastern Python's deadly rage:
Immortal *HOWARD*! when with fearless step
He traced pale Misery to her last recess,
'Midst putrid vapours and infectious damps,
The abodes of hardened guilt—Did ever he
Behold a sight so dreadful? where the dead
Press on the dying; where the parting groan
Is heard without compassion, or excites

The living wretches' envy; where, debarred
From every blessing and from every hope,
Death comes not at their bidding, but selects
With wayward choice his favourites; harshly kind,
Dissolves the bond, and mocks the tyrant's rage?

'A truce with declamation':—thus, methinks,
I hear some veteran trafficker in blood,
Whose leisure—by repeated crimes procured—
Is used to justify those crimes, reply :
—' Peace to your declamation, nor presume
To judge another's feelings.—Is it yours,
A stranger to the scene, to tell the cares,
The anxious days, the busy, restless nights,
Devoted to the succour of the slaves
When visited by sickness?—Is it yours
To tell what arts are used, the healing arts
Of cultivated Europe, to appease
The recent pang, or stop the spreading rage
Of fierce contagion? But suppose we grant
What you assume unjustly, that our ears
Are shut to misery's voice; our hardened hearts
Lost to the social sympathies of man;
You will not sure deny, that still we feel
The potent charm of interest; and with her
Even should humanity refuse to join,
She here becomes her substitute, and leads
To equal blessings: 't is not then enough
You prove us void of feeling; you must shew
Our folly far exceeds our guilt, or see
Your blunted darts, from truth's bright shield, recoil.'

And who shall rob you of your just applause!
Ye watchful guardians of the subject crew
That curse the lives ye cherish? 'T is, we own,
No common case, to shut the gates of death
On those who wish to pass them; to retain
Within its suffering bound, the indignant soul
That pants for freedom as the hunted hart
That seeks the coolness of the crystal spring:
And when the tyrant of the harmless flock,
That, whilst he feeds them, destines them to death,
Is called humane, ye then may justly boast
The glorious appellation: 'T is enough,
Meantime, for you, if life and health remain
Amongst your captives, till they reach the shores
Of those polluted Islands, that too soon
Shall realise the evils which they dread.
—Then ends your sympathy—and whether there
Long years of suffering waste by slow degrees
Their vital powers, or violence deform
Their mutilated limbs, or hunger gnaws,
Or sickness preys upon them,—unconcerned
Ye give them to their fate, as Jacob's sons
Sold their more righteous brother; nor inquire
What ills to suffer, or what deaths to die.

Most fitly then ye throw aside the veil,
That not conceals, but more deforms your crimes,
Tinging their features with the loathsome hue
Of foul hypocrisy: and right ye deem,
When, scorning pity's softer ties, ye own
That avarice only prompts the deed humane

Which seems to claim a fairer origin.
—But why with foolish fondness would ye strive
To dress a devil in an angel's garb,
And bid mankind adore him?—Can it be,
That he, the foulest fiend that ever stalked
Across the confines of this suffering world;
He, the dread spirit of commercial gain,
Whose heart is marble, and whose harpy hands
Are stained with blood of millions; can it be
That he should personate the form divine
Of soft Compassion, and perform the task
To her mild cares and lenient hand assigned?
—It is *not* his, on misery's bleeding wounds
To pour the soothing balm; to raise the head
That droops in sickness; timely to supply
The healing potion; and the bitter cup
Sweeten with words of sympathy:—To him,
Of all that breathes, indifferent is the fate;
And whilst one hand the cordial drop sustains,
The other grasps a dagger; thus prepared,
With life and death he balances the scale,
And as the beam preponderates, saves, or kills.

But say, ye shameless sophists! who compressed
Within the confines of that iron grate,
Its struggling tenants, who for air and food
Incessant clamour? 'T was not she whose name
Ye now profaned; beneath whose kindling smile
All animated nature leaps with joy;
She, from whose streaming eyes your murderous deeds
Draw tears of blood—No, 't was the hated power

Of unrelenting Avarice, that with her
Late claimed unnatural union; and assured
Himself her substitute: Insatiate, he,
Whilst thirst of gain absorbed each other sense,
Poured in his cavern deep, throng after throng,
His living victims; with his iron mace,
Crushed, and condensed their ranks, and o'er them closed
The impenetrable barrier. — Grimly then,
Like him of yore, that in his blood-stained cave
Confined the wandering Greeks, he sat and smiled,
And brooded o'er his treasures, now esteemed
Irrevocably his. — Deluded fool!
The cup, thy giddy rage has filled too high,
Like that of Tantalus, shall soon o'erflow,
And leave thee wondering at the sudden void.
For nature, Proteus-like, when long confined
Delights to change her form: fermenting slow,
Her silent work commences; scarce perceived
Its hidden progress, till the leaven reach
The principle of being, to new forms
And combinations tending. Then unchecked
Rages the wild contagion. — Vainly then
The tyrant opens wide his iron gate,
And bids the fainting wretch once more imbibe
The fragrant gales of day; or o'er him pours,
In copious streams, the invigorating lymph:
— Ah see, his palsied lips refuse to taste
The kind astringent; sudden tremors shake
His limbs; his glaring eye-balls roll in death;
And unreluctant, from its wearied frame,
Flies the freed spirit: — Yet not seeks alone

The promised regions of eternal spring ;
But mingling with the kindred souls, whose bonds
Each passing hour dissevers, hovers o'er
The scene, and bids its loved companions haste,
And share the sweets of freedom ; or delights
To glance before the tyrant's fear-struck sight,
Mock at his anguish, feast upon the fears
That agitate his bosom, whilst he sees
The spirit of disease his folly raised,
Roam unconfined, and in one common fate,
Involve at once the oppressor and the slave.

Nations of Europe ! o'er whose favoured lands
Philosophy hath raised her light divine,
(A brighter sun than that which rules the day)
Beneath whose piercing beam, the spectre forms
Of slavish superstition slow retire !
Who, greatly struggling with degrading chains,
Have freed your limbs from bondage ! felt the charms
Of property ! beyond a tyrant's lust
Have placed domestic bliss ! and soon shall own
That noblest freedom—freedom of the mind
Secure from priestly craft and papal claims !
—But chiefly thou, the Mistress of the Main,
Who sitst serene amidst thy subject waves,
That bring the hourly tribute ; Queen of Isles,
Of faith unblemished, of unconquered soul,
And prizing freedom dearer than the blood
That circles round thine heart ! O Albion, say—
And say, ye sister kingdoms—why remains
This universal blot, that marks your brows

With black Ingratitude ; and tells high Heaven
You merit not your blessings? Why remains
This foul and open wound on Nature's limb,
Wasting its healthful powers? (and who shall tell
How far may spread the infection?) Blush ye not?
—To boast your equal laws, your just restraints,
Your rights defined, your liberties secured ;
Whilst with an iron hand ye crush to earth
The helpless African ; and bid him drink
That cup of sorrow, which yourselves have dashed,
Indignant, from Oppression's fainting grasp?
—O Britain! jealous of thy private rights,—
Like some fond mother, with a partial eye
Thou seest thine offspring ; and should fraud or force
Attempt to tear them from thee ; soon would rise
Thy kindling spirit, and the insidious foe
Would feel thy ready vengeance : and shalt thou
Encroach upon another? Shall thine hand
Be stained with murder? Or with paltry theft
Polluted? Or, abandoned to thy shame,
Canst thou receive the produce of the crimes
Thy sons commit, and from thy towering state
Affect to know not of them? High in rank
Amidst surrounding nations ; high in fame ;
In public spirit high ; and high in wealth ;
Forget not! Britain! higher still than thee
Sits the great Judge of Nations, who can weigh
The wrong, and can repay.—Before his throne
Confess thy weakness ; nor with impious voice
Arraign the immutable decrees, that fixed
The bounds of wrong and right ; that gave to all

Their equal blessings ; and secures its ends
By penalties severe ; which, often slow,
But always certain, on the guilty head,
Pour down the terrors of the Wrath Divine.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

The Wrongs of Africa.

PART THE SECOND.

—— For of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren, Men of Men.—MILTON.

FAIR is this fertile spot, which God assigned
As man's terrestrial home ; where every charm
Attracts his unperverted sense, and fills
His heart with gladness : to his raptured sight
The extended landscape opens ; cheerful green
Invests the lawn ; luxuriant forests wave ;
The crystal stream irriguous winds its way,
And Heaven's bright azure canopies the whole.
Soft on his ear the voice of music breathes
In grateful undulations : odours sweet
From herbs and trees, from flowers of various hue,
Salute him, and in silent whispers bring
The pleasing promise of the future year.
—Formed with a soul to relish all their charms,
Man wanders o'er their beauties unconfined,
And lauds their author : when some fiend malign,
O'er all the scene his blighting influence sheds,
And bids it sicken on the sated sense

To loathing and disgust.—And shall the sun
E'er from the east his glorious course begin
And not be blest by man? Or that mild orb
That rules the hours of night, and soothes to peace
The tides of passion, hear the insulting voice
Of hopeless anguish, that perverse arraigns
Her light, and bids her never more return?

—Yes—thanks to Man, the scourge of all his kind,
And Traitor to himself: who never yet
Has raised his bounded views beyond the scope
Of selfish pleasure, and immediate good.

—Yes, thanks to Man; whose follies and whose crimes
Change the fair face of Nature, and pervert
Her dearest gifts to evil.—Breathes the air
Its healthful fragrance, his misguided rage
With foul contagion loads its dropping wings,
Swept from the carnage of the reeking field.
O'er the broad ocean (whose encircling arms
Were meant to join the far-dissevered land
In friendly intercourse, and wide diffuse
The blessings of each different state to all)
His mad ambition sends, in dread array,
His messengers of terror; prompt to pour
Their fiery vengeance on each distant shore,
Whose natives, to his absolute command,
Their soil, their produce, liberties, and lives,
Resign not. He, amidst the spicy climes
Of Asia, where prolific nature pours
Her unappropriate and superfluous wealth,
Within his hoarded magazine confines
A nation's produce; and around its doors,

With lifted hands, and unaccusing voice,
Hears the meek native supplicate for food,
And bids him perish ; and as though he feared
Some happier spot of earth should yet remain,
That bore not bleeding witness of his guilt,
He, from their parent shore, relentless tears
The sons of Afric ; to the maddening wave,
To strange diseases, to the piercing taunts
Of wanton insolence, and all the wrongs
That man from man can suffer, dooms their days !

Deep freighted now with human merchandise,
The vessel quits the shore ; prepared to meet
The storms and dangers of the Atlantic main ;
Her motion scarce observed, save when the flood
In frequent murmurs beats against her prow,
And the tall cocoas slowly seem to change
Their former station. Lessening on the sight,
The distant mountains bowed their cloud-capped heads ;
And all the bright and variegated scene,
Of hills, and groves, and lawns, and reed-built sheds,
That oft had caught the prisoners' ardent eye,
Not hopeless of escape, now gradual sunk
To one dim hue. Amongst the sable tribes
Soon spread the alarm ; when sudden from the depths
Of crowded holds, and loathsome caverns, rose
One universal yell of dread despair,
And anguish inexpressible ; for now
Hope's slender thread was broke ; extinguished now
The spark of expectation, that had lurked
Beneath the ashes of their former joys,

And o'er despondency's surrounding gloom
Had shed its languid lustre. Bold, and fierce,
Of high indignant spirit, some their chains
Shook menacing, and from their lowering eyes,
Flashed earnest of the flame that burned within :
Whilst groans, and loud laments, and scalding tears
Marked the keen pangs of others.—Female shrieks,
At intervals in dreadful concert heard,
To wild distraction manly sorrow turned ;
And ineffectual, o'er their heedless limbs
Was waved the wiry whip, that dropped with blood.

Now sunk the mournful day ; but mournful still
The night that followed : and the rising morn,
That spread before the hopeless captives' view
Nought but the wide expanse of air and sea,
Heard all their cries with double rage renewed.
Nor did the storm of headstrong passions rest,
Till the third evening closed ; nor by degrees
Was hushed ; but sudden, as the autumnal blast,
Its rage exhausted, sinks at once to rest,
Whilst the wide wood, that bowed beneath its course,
Declines its wearied branches, thus the strife
Ceased—not a groan, and not a voice was heard ;
But, as one soul had influenced every breast,
A sudden stillness reigned. Resigned and mild,
As if forgot their former sense of wrong,
They took the scanty fare they lately spurned ;
And if a tear should mingle with their food,
No prying eye perceived it : day by day
Saw the same scene renewed ; whilst prosperous gales

Full towards her destined port the vessel bore ;
And gently breathing o'er the seaman's mind
Came the remembrance of his native land ;
The thoughts of former pleasures, former friends,
Of rest and independence ; heedless, he,
That on the miseries of others rose
The fabric of his joys ; and gratified
His selfish views, whilst multitudes bewailed
The eternal loss of nature's dearest gifts ;—
To them, irreparable wrong ; to him,
A slight accession to his stores of bliss.

'T was night ; and now the ship, with steady course,
Pursued her midway voyage : subsided now
The tyrant's dread, a more indulgent lot
The slaves experienced ; and their chains relaxed
Their biting cincture. Fearless trod the deck
The unsuspecting guard ; whilst, from below,
Amidst the crowd of captives, not a sound
Of louder note ascended. Yet, even then,
Each eye was wake, and every heaving breast
Was panting for revenge, For now approached
The awful hour, long hoped for, long forefixed,
Sacred to vengeance, to the thirst of blood,
And bitter retribution. Slowly rolled
The moments, whilst, with anxious minds, the slaves
Waited the voice that loosed them from restraint,
And turned them on their tyrants : not more prompt
The nitrous grain, that, at the touch of fire,
Bursts in resistless flame. Nor yet the voice
Is heard ; but through each deep and dark recess

A hollow murmur rises, that upbraids
The long delay—nor yet the voice is heard!
Whilst in each agitated breast, by turns,
Dismay, and doubt, and desperation reign;
And fancy, now triumphant, now depressed,
Luxuriant wantons through the scene of blood,
Or feels the fiery torture. “Rise, revenge—
Revenge your wrongs,” the expected voice exclaims,
And meets a ready answer, from the tongues
Of countless numbers, from each gloomy cell,
In dreadful cries returned. But who shall tell
The wild commotion; who the frantic rage
Of savage fury, when with joint accord
They burst the opposing gratings, and poured forth
Impetuous as the flood that breaks its mound?
—What though unarmed!—upon the unsparing steel
They rushed regardless; and the expected wound
Deep, but not always deadly, roused their minds
To fiercer desperation: thronging close,
Fearless and firm, they joined the unequal war;
And when the fatal weapon pierced their side,
They struggled to retain it, and in death
Disarmed the hand that conquered.—Thick they fell,
But oft not unrevenged, for fastening close
Upon the foe, some gained the vessel’s side,
And rushed together to a watery death;
Whilst from the hold, emerging throngs
Replaced the vanquished, and, with hideous cries,
Struck terror through the tyrants’ chilling veins,
And bade oppression tremble. Nerveless stood
The hardened seamen: but recovering soon,

They gained the barrier, that across the deck
Its firm defence projected; then began
The scene of blood; then poured amongst the slaves,
Frantic and fierce, and maddening with their wrongs,
The volleyed vengeance; whilst without a foe,
Misguided courage urged the strife in vain;
And checked by hands unseen, relaxed its powers
In sudden weakness.—Terror and surprise,
Like deadly bloodhounds, seized the vanquished slaves,
That stood defenceless and exposed, the mark
Of uncontrolled revenge; and as they fell,
Without reluctance saw the purple stream
Slow swelling from the fount of life, and, joined
In kindred currents, pour along the deck,
Tinging with guiltless blood the western wave.

But hark! the sound of conquest and of joy
Bursts from the exulting victors.—Hark again!
The thrice-repeated triumph tells the heavens
That innocence once more has felt the fangs,
The insatiate fangs of guilt, and weeps in blood
Her just resistance, and her rightful aims!

Peace to your shades, ye favoured train, who fell
Amidst the general struggle! o'er whose limbs
The friendly hand of death has interposed
His fated curtain; that, nor human force,
Nor human malice, nor the deep regret
Of disappointed avarice, nor the pang
Of keen remorse, that gnaws the murderer's peace,

And blasts his future joys, can e'er remove.
—Secure beneath its guardian gloom, ye sleep,
In undisturbed repose: no more ye start
At misery's kindred shriek; no more ye weep
O'er fond domestic ties, untimely torn;
No longer from the oppressor's hand, ye ask
The slender pittance that prolongs your lives
To lengthened anguish; nor for you prepares,
The unfeeling planter, 'midst his cultured isles,
(Isles moist with tears, and fertilised with blood)
His whips, his racks, his gibbets, and his chains.
—Yours is the palm of conquest,—you have found
A shelter from the hovering storm, that waits
Your less successful fellows; who lament,
And vainly wish to share, your happier lot.

Yet not beneath oblivion's gloom to rest,
Nor meet the tribute of promiscuous praise,
Was doomed Cymbello. — Whence Bancora pours
Towards Zaire's broad flood his tributary wave,
And cools the fervid equatorial gale,
Cymbello first drew breath. — His father swayed
Monsol's imperial sceptre. To a form
Of faultless mould, Cymbello joined a soul,
Firm, generous, comprehensive; keen to mark,
Wise to approve, and active to pursue
Each nobler object. — Anxious for his fame,
The watchful father to Matomba's care
Assigned the rising virtues of the youth,
Ere, in the sun-like flattery of a court,
Had shrunk their native vigour. — “Go,” said he,

"Go, and beneath Matomba's peaceful roof
Pass thy young hours ; and taste those vernal sweets
That wait not on thy riper years, ordained
To be thy country's sacrifice.— His hand
Shall check each wandering step that turns to ill,
And by obeying, thou shalt learn to rule."

Remote from peopled haunts, 'midst silent groves,
Where palms and plantains intermixed their shade,
And spread their broad leaves to the scorching sun,
Matomba's dwelling stood.— A crystal stream
Gushed from the gloom, and laved a chosen spot
That owned his constant culture : Aloes there
Shot forth their vigorous stems, and hung their bells
In grateful negligence ; Hæmanthus spread
His crimson bloom ; the flowery Almond there,
Profuse of fragrance, scented all the plain,
And the gay Protea waved his silvery leaf,
And glittered on the day.— A thousand plants,
The favourites of the sun, whose vivid tints
Decay and sicken in our northern climes,
There in perennial lustre smiled, nor feared
The chilling blasts of Eurus.— To the shades
Of this secure retreat, Matomba led
His royal pupil ; with assiduous eye
Watched o'er his opening mind ; and as he marked
The rising spark of curiosity
Disclose its lambent blaze, with temperate hand
Supplied its cravings, from the bounteous store
Of Nature culling what might best supply
His pleasing purpose ; first, the various tribes

Of vegetative life, their scent, their hue,
Their beauteous conformation, and their change,
Displayed a wondrous volume.—Rising hence
To animated being, wonder grew
To admiration, whilst the master's voice
Explained the different habits, and the laws,
Of these, that, touched with more ethereal fire,
In flood and forest, deep beneath the earth,
Or through the fields of air, delighted feel
The consciousness of being.—Thence with man,
Prime work of Heaven, he dignified his theme;
And, with resistless energy, impressed
Upon the stripling's mind, the generous truths—
That man to man is equal; that the rights
Which liberal nature gave alike to all,
Though often crushed beneath the hand of power,
Can perish but with life;—that states were formed
For social purposes; that he who claims
From subject-throngs allegiance and support,
Owes in return his confidence and love,
His vigilance:—That royalty, abused
Is worse than treason; and the sovereign name,
A feathered toy, that weighs not in the scale
Of universal justice.—Stern he spake,
Nor shrunk the youth to hear the sacred strain;
And whilst his throbbing heart confessed its power,
And the mild lustre of benevolence
Illumed his swimming eye, “Be mine,” he cried,
“To guard my people's rights; and if I tear,
With impious hands, the web of public faith,
Or stain its native lustre, may the steel
Of high vindictive freedom purge the guilt.”

Blest were the hours, whilst here the princely youth
Imbined instruction ; interrupted oft
By vigorous exercise, and grateful toil,
For not the silken bonds of indolence
Restrained his ardent spirit.— Every scene
To him was pleasure : but a softer hue
Allayed their glowing tints ; a milder charm
Endeared their beauties ; when Kiaza shared
His devious path, and on his faithful arm
Reclined.— Of gentlest manners was the maid—
Matomba's daughter ! sweeter than the breeze
That steals the Caltha's fragrance, and as chaste
As the cool beam of evening—yet she loved,
Nor sought the blameless passion to conceal.

But years fly swift away, and swifter far
When pleasure plumes their wings. From sweet repose,
From love, and leisure, to the active sphere
Of public life, the royal youth withdrew :
Yet not to pomp, or pride, did love resign
His empire ; often from the crowded court
To good Matomba's roof the prince retired,
Delighted to recall those happier hours
When life was new ; to trace the conscious scenes
Of past delights, whose unembittered charm
Was dear to memory, and in lonely shades
Renew the promise of perpetual truth.

It chanced one evening, when the cooler hour
Invited, and refreshing breezes blew

Along the grassy path, Cymbello led
His loved companion.—O'er the chequered scene
The moon with interrupted radiance shone;
And in fantastic shapes, athwart the gloom,
Cocoas and pines their giant shadows threw.
But nor the untimely hour, nor lengthened way,
Abridged the tale of love; renewing still,
And still renewing its exhaustless theme:
When sudden, as the crouching tiger springs
Upon his prey, rushed from a neighbouring brake
A troop of black banditti, that, debauched
By European arts, had wandered far
In search of human plunder. On the pair
They seized, relentless; from the struggling grasp
Of strong affection tore them; nor indulged
The last sad hope, to breathe a fond farewell
To all their past endearments. Pinioned close,
O'er distant mountains, and through trackless plains,
They bore their princely victim; nor delayed
By night or day their haste, till on the shore
The white receivers grasped their prize, and paid
With useless wares, with baubles, and with toys,
The sacrilegious rape: with manacles
Compressed his wrist; with ignominious chains,
Loaded his free-born limbs; and 'midst the steam
Of putrid exhalations thrust him deep
Beneath the world of waters; that refused,
Though often called, to whelm him in their waves,
And shield him from indignity and shame.

Torn by conflicting passions; barred from air;

With taunts and stripes insulted; and compelled
To share the anguish of desponding throngs,
That hourly cursed existence,—soon began
His vigour to decline; and on her throne,
Sat reason tottering. Sleep refused to close
His eyes; that gazing wild with maniac glare,
Froze in their sockets,—when before their orbs
Rose a majestic form, that, not confined
Within the ship's scant boundary, reared her head
Amidst the rolling clouds. Her right hand held
A falchion dropping blood; and in her left
A heart yet palpitating, shocked the sight.
Dreadful she smiled, yet in her dreadful smile
Lurked fascination: horrid was her voice,
Yet did it vibrate on the wretch's ear
Sweeter than music. "Prince," she cried, "I come
To free from weak regret thy manly mind,
And vindicate thy wrongs.—To deeds of death
Rise then! my steel shall point thy way." She spoke,
And clasped him to her bosom. Through his frame
Ran fierce emotions of tumultuous joy;
He spurned the fond complaint; no more the sigh
Burst from his heart; his eyes forgot to weep;
Ambition now was hushed, the patriot hope
Expired; and Love himself the rule resigned
To one unbounded thirst of dread Revenge.

True to the tenor of her magic voice,
'T was he whose genius formed the great design
That promised death or freedom; who infused
His glowing spirit 'midst the crowd of slaves,

Restrained the daring, roused the languid breast,
And bade them move obedient to his will,
As though one soul inspired them. His command
Had urged them on to action; he had led
The way to conquest; and his vigorous arm
Had wrenched a dagger from the English chief,
And plunged it in his heart. But vain the strife;
Nor strength, nor courage, nor the inspiring hope
Of vengeance aught avail. Cymbello saw
The fruitless conflict, saw around him fall
His slaughtered fellows; whilst the wily foe,
Secured from danger, dealt the leaden deaths
In swift rotation.—In wild agony
He turned his eyes; when full before him stood
His loved Kiaza. As the sudden flash
Of lightning, gliding o'er the vault of night,
Gilds with its momentary blaze the path
Of some lone traveller 'midst the wintry storm,
Then sinks in darkness; thus a beam of joy
Diffused its transient lustre.—Swift he flew,
He clasped the maid, whose sinking head reclined
Upon his bosom—grief restrained the power
Of utterance, and the big distress was told
In silent tears.—With looks of ardent love
He o'er her hung; and now his faltering voice
Essayed her name; but shrinking from his arms
She fell a lifeless corpse. The levelled death,
Aimed at her lover, had transfixed her heart.
—Cymbello raised his steel—a frantic smile
Passed o'er his cheek;—the deadly weapon pierced
Life's fragile barrier; near the maid he fell,
Embraced her in his languid grasp, and died.

Shall fancy, then, before the awful shrine
Of public Justice, dare intrude her step,
And, with false tints, and wanton pencil, stain
The unsullied robe of truth?—Ah, deem not so,
Ye advocates of mercy!—Her weak hand
Would catch some feature of that demon form
That tramples o'er creation:—But in vain
She strives to mark the terrors of his mien;
For whilst she gazes, darker shades o'erspread
His deep deformities. The historian's skill,
The poet's energy, the painter's art,
Shrink from the contest: nor shall fancy's eye
Select a deed of more transcendant guilt,
Whose crimson lustre pales not, when compared
With the deep hue of his unvarnished crimes.

—But soft—perchance a tale of private woe
May lightly touch the mind: or, should it prompt
The tear of sympathy, may fail to rouse
Those strong emotions, that indignant glow,
Which virtue feels when generous aims inspire
Consenting bosoms; and the holy flame
Of freedom only leads her votaries on
To more immediate ruin. Hither, then,
Ye impotent of soul, who falsely deem
That heaven's impartial gifts are circumscribed
To colour and to climate.—Hither, too,
Ye studious of mankind, who ceaseless urge
The historic toil; and trace the industrious deeds
Of former days, when Greece and Rome were free;
For with their proudest names, a faithful band

Of these, the sable children of the sun,
Whom modern pride disdains, whom avarice dooms
To pain and insult, shall contest the palm
Of high unconquered courage.—Listen, then,
Whilst truth restrains the Muse's wandering step,
And gives her awful sanction to the song.

From proud ANGOLA, o'er the western main
A vessel held her course; her wide womb filled
With men of firmest soul.—Distrust and fear
Induced severe restraint; restraint awaked
The thirst of vengeance; till, to madness roused,
They dared the unequal war.—But, humbled soon
By undeserved misfortune, and abashed,
That victory smiled not on their bold design;
Amidst the deep recesses of the hold,
Which daylight visits not, the vanquished train
Withdrew them—pleased, amidst congenial gloom,
To hide their sorrows from the victor's eye,
And weep their undistinguished hours away.
—Above them, with redoubled bolts secured,
The iron gratings frowned; designed to bar
The ascent, till, at the destined port arrived,
The rebel throng again should meet the day.
But nature, kinder than relentless man,
Mocked the attempt; and, in her weakness strong,
Controlled his harsh design.—Amongst the slaves
A swift contagion spread; from scanty food,
From putrid water, and imprisoned air,
Engendered.—Shuddering now with selfish fear,
Resentment dropped her rod; and Avarice flew

To shield his treasure ; once again were oped
The doors, and on the breezy deck were led
The emaciate crowd of slaves ; but not in throngs
Promiscuous,—for suspicion, yet alarmed
By former dangers, into numbered ranks
Had classed them ; and with chains together bound
Thrice five reluctant wretches ; for an hour
Allowed to breathe the gale ; then seek again
Their loathsome dungeon, whilst successive ranks,
Of equal number, occupied the place.

Mark ! on the deck a train of sufferers sit
Close ranged and linked ; meanwhile a cheerful gale
Fills the broad canvas ; and the vessel skims
Light o'er the dashing brine.—But see, their breasts
Beat high !—a look of secret joy illumines
Each sable front !—their shivering limbs confess
The unexpressed idea !—See, they rise,
At once they rise ; and with consenting step
Rush towards the prow !—a momentary glance
Gives the dread signal ; and they headlong plunge
Amidst the ocean.—Haste, ye heedless crew,
Haste, check the sails, and sidelong to the breeze
Oppose the vessel's breadth ; for see, again,
Your captives from the circling waves emerge,
And, ranged in order, once again approach
The ship, and court a parley ! Now discard
Your looks ferocious ; in your altered eye
Let kindness beam, and sordid interest wear
The mask of mercy :—of a kinder fate,
Of fruitful shores, in early prospect, speak ;

And let the sound of freedom drop like balm
Upon their wounded feelings.—Hear they not?
—They hear and spurn the treachery. High they raise
Their arms, abhorrent of the chains they bear;
And sink indignant 'midst the rolling waves.

Immortal FREEDOM! vivifying sun
Of every virtue! when thine energies
Pervade the breast of man, he rears his head
Like some tall plant, majestic and erect,
And is—what God designed him. But thy smile
Withdrawn, he grovels in the dust, and soils
The honours of his brow.—O be it mine
To sound aright thy praises! At my birth,
What though the Muses smiled not, nor distilled
Their dews hyblæan—O'er my infant couch
What though they scattered not their fading flowers,
Yet Thou wast present:—thy diviner flame
Played round my head;—impatient of control,
My young step followed where thou ledst the way;
And far as memory traces back my years,
My soul, though touched with social sympathies,
Revolted at oppression.—Nymph divine!
If from the sound of Milton's golden lyre;
Of Thompson's doric pipe, that poured thy praise
In one full tide of music; and the strain
Of him, who, sick of outrage and of wrong,
Sighed for "a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless continuity of shade,"
Thou now withholdst thy audience:—hither turn
Indulgent; for though sweeter song hath charmed,
Yet praise sincerer never met thine ear.

Recall we then the days, when, from the shores
Of elder Greece, from Rome's imperial bound,
Burst forth exulting pæans. Thee they hailed
Their patroness and pride: but oft their songs
Mistook thy genuine glory; and profaned
Thy name, idolatrous.—Ah! could the breath
Of incense please thee, or the sound of pipes
Clamorous? whilst, wafted on the self-same gale,
The groans of slaughtered Helots pierced thine ears;
Or the shrill shriek of slaves, that, unaccused,
Expired upon the rack?—For this, thy wrath
Was kindled; soon, at thy vindictive frown,
Their lofty towers and strong cemented walls
Shook to their base: thine heavenly-tempered spear
Struck the firm earth; and from the teeming North,
And furious East, the torrents of thine ire
Rushed, ready to destroy. Where once thy smile
Bade yellow harvests wave, and Plenty pour
Her unexhausted horn; where once thy voice
Inspired the patriot breast, and steeled the arm
Inimical to tyrants; priests and slaves
Now people all the land; and squalid want
Sits on the desert champaign, and derides
The vows that idly rise to heaven, and ask
Its undeserved indulgence. From their fate,
Ye nations, learn, that what ye free receive,
Ye freely give: and O, beware the touch
Of foul domestic slavery! that instils
Its deadly venom through each secret pore,
And taints the vital source of public weal.

But why, O nymph ! shall man's averted eye,
Whene'er thy brighter radiance stands confessed,
Shrink from the blaze ? What though thy port sublime
Inspire deep reverence ; yet thy brow severe
Is tempered mild with mercy : though thy frown
Turn pale the crimson on the tyrant's cheek,
Yet not the dews of evening softer fall
On the parched verdure, than thy look benign
On all the extended race of human kind :
Nor veil'st thou now the glories of thy mien
As erst, impervious. Open is thy shrine ;
Nor mute thine oracles ; nor pour they forth
Ambiguous voices. There, thine handmaids, stand
The heaven-descended Sciences ; and there
The train of Arts assiduous : those thy name
Exalt in grateful hymns ; whilst these arrest
The fleeting sound, and give to lands remote,
And ages yet to come, the genuine song.
And now, the kindling nations feel the strain ;
And starting from their lethargy, that seemed
The fatal sleep of death, exulting, hail
The day-spring of thine empire. Even they,
The sons of Seine and Loire, have thrown aside
The flimsy covering that but ill concealed
Their inward pangs ; nor more, with idiot joy,
Dance to the sound and glitter of their chains.
Led on by thee, they learn to know their worth,
And claim the rights of men ; and who shall dare,
When justice arms, and liberty inspires,
To place a barrier to their bold career ?

And see, the adamantine doors unfold ;

And from the centre of thy temple beams
A strong, but temperate light, that plays serene
Around thine awful form. The song is mute,
And mute the choral symphonies: a pause
Of solemn silence, on the wondering sense
Imposes deep attention. Now bursts forth
Thine energetic voice; and whilst it thrills
Through every vein, the firm dilated soul
Feels more than mortal: all the nobler powers
Of man are up in arms, and throng to join
Thy standard; firm integrity, and truth,
And spotless honour, and impartial love,
And uncorrupted justice. Hear the sound,
Ye nations! nor refuse the sacred strain
Through the faint medium of a mortal tongue.

“O sons of men! O progeny beloved
Of every climate, and of every hue,
Who court the boon 't is mine alone to give—
Approach, nor trembling—Lo! the prize is your's,
Your general birthright! Nor more freely blows
The impartial breath of Heaven, than I diffuse
My blessings. Why, then, heedless of the good
That courts you, would ye quit the golden day,
For the deep gloom of ignorance; where dwell
A thousand spectre forms, the hateful brood
Of fancy, when she vainly shunned the grasp
Of terror? Who, that saw the crystal spring
Gush plenteous from its source, would turn his step
To drink pollution from the stagnant pool?
—O shame to manhood! that the sacred light

Of reason, damped by fear, should faintly pour
A half-extinguished blaze! or lend its aid,
Whilst avarice and ambition forge the chains
That bind the vulgar herd; who bow their necks,
And from obedience arrogate applause!

“ Yet is not man forsaken : from the seats
Of light empyreal, where, estranged from earth,
Awhile my steps delayed, again I come
The harbinger of joy. For since the day
When Britain's sons, inquisitive, explored
The tyrant's warrant; and his angry frown
With angry frowns withstood; my ready aid
Infused a secret vigour through the land,
In toils and death unconquered.—Thence arose
That equalised dominion, liberal rule,
Where, not dependent on the sovereign breath,
The people hold their rights; but just restraints
Affect the whole, and leave each portion free;
As yon bright orbs revolve their fated rounds,
Each in its sphere, yet feel the strong control
Of relative dependence.—Nor shall cease
The fair example, till through Europe's bounds
It spread, and wondering nations emulate
This last-loved offspring of my riper cares.

“ But, ah! what sounds of sorrow load the gale,
And wild complaints, and bursting sighs, and groans
Like those of parting nature?—’T is the voice
Of suffering multitudes.—And see, the Muse,
—O sight of horror! on the astonished eye,

Pours all the hated scene.—I see the hand
Of man, against his brother man upraised,
Wielding the shameless whip.—I see the wretch
Fall, and cling prostrate round his tyrant's feet;
Whilst, by expressive gestures,—nature's mute
But powerful eloquence,—he vainly strives
To mitigate his fury.—Now he quits
His fainting grasp!—But o'er the atrocious deed
O let Oblivion wrap her deepest shade;
Lest fiends look on, and blush, that man shall dare
So far beyond the bounds his Maker placed.

“And can it be? that man, by nature formed
Of powers superior; and to whom disclosed
Stands the whole order of this earthly frame;
And, still more wondrous, all the wider world
Of intellect and reason: from whose mind,
As from a polished mirror bright, reflect
On their divine original, the forms
Of virtue, truth, and beauty—say, can he
Allow the mist of interest to obscure
Those truths, else obvious to his piercing eye?
—Ah, knows he not, that partial bliss depends
On general happiness? that, when he plants
In nature's breast a dagger, every part
Partakes the anguish? that the copious stream
Of universal bliss devolves along
Like some broad river; through its wide extent,
To every nation, and to all mankind,
Diffusing health and gladness; but, detached
In partial channels, stagnates in its course,
And, foul and putrid, spreads corruption round?

“—Yes—he shall learn.—A beam of light divine
Dispels the gloom. From its pursuing blaze,
Swift to the confines of their native hell,
Retire the foes of man.—There Slavery clanks
Her broken chains; there Cruelty, his knife,
Though fouled with blood, aims harmless; Avarice there
Sighs o’er her fancied loss; her brittle web
There Sophistry bewails:—on earth resounds
The voice of gratulation: realm to realm,
And shore to shore, re-echoes with my name;
And to the mercy-seat of God ascends
The odour of a grateful sacrifice,
Of truth, and justice, and unbounded love.”

The African.*

WIDE over the tremulous sea
The moon spread her mantle of light;
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breathed soft on the bosom of night.

On the forecastle Maraton stood,
And poured forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs passed unheard on the gale.

Ah, wretch! in wild anguish he cried,
From country and liberty torn,—
Ah, Maraton! would thou hadst died
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne!

Through the groves of Angola I strayed,
Love and hope made my bosom their home;
There I talked with my favourite maid,
Nor dreamt of the sorrow to come.

* Published anonymously in 1788. It is the joint production of Mr. Roscoe and Dr. Currie.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echoed loud through the air ;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair !

Accursed be the merciless band,
That his love could from Maraton tear ;
And blasted this impotent hand,
That was severed from all I held dear.

Flow, ye tears—down my cheeks ever flow—
Still let sleep from my eyelids depart ;
And still may the arrow of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

But, hark ! on the silence of night
My Adila's accents I hear ;
And, mournful beneath the wan light,
I see her loved image appear.

Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave ;
And fondly her lover she chides,
That lingers so long from his grave !

“ O ! Maraton, haste thee,” she cries ;
“ Here the reign of oppression is o'er ;
The tyrant is robbed of his prize,
And Adila sorrows no more.”

Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
 Her form seems to fade on my view;
 O stay thee, my Adila, stay!—
 She beckons, and I must pursue.

To-morrow, the white man in vain
 Shall proudly account me his slave;
 My shackles I plunge in the main,
 And rush to the realms of the brave.

Secular Song,

ON THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.*

SINCE Freedom here fixed her immutable throne,
 A hundred long years winged with blessings are past;
 Our fathers the sweets of her favour have known,
 But 't is our's to complete the full circle at last:
 Then grasp the deep bowl, the full chorus prolong,
 To William and Freedom be sacred the song!

When James, the worst heir of a tyrannous line,
 Had trampled on reason, religion, and laws,

* Recited by Mr. Roscoe in 1788, on the celebration of the centenary of the Revolution of 1688.

Like an angel commissioned by goodness divine,
Then William arose and asserted our cause :
Then grasp the deep bowl, the full chorus prolong,
To William and Freedom be sacred the song !

Could the sons of Britannia, supine and unjust,
Be dead to the transports the season inspires, ,
The spirits of those who now moulder in dust
Would speak from their ashes, to kindle our fires :
Then grasp the deep bowl, the full chorus prolong,
To William and Freedom be sacred the song !

To Nature the boon of existence we owe,
But 't is Liberty crowns it with honour and joy ;
The worth of her smile by experience we know,
To enjoy it we live, to preserve it we 'll die :
Then grasp the deep bowl, the full chorus prolong,
To William and Freedom be sacred the song !

Round this altar of Freedom united we bow,
Our libations shall aid her unquenchable flame,
Which here, to transmit to our children, we vow,
Bright and vivid as when from our fathers it came :
Then grasp the deep bowl, the full chorus prolong,
To William and Freedom be sacred the song !

Song.*

UNFOLD, Father Time! thy long records unfold,
Of noble achievements accomplished of old,
When men, by the standard of Liberty led,
Undauntedly conquered or cheerfully bled;
But know, 'midst the triumph these moments reveal,
Their glories shall fade, and their lustre turn pale;
While France rises up, and confirms the decree
That tears off her chains, and bids millions be free.

As Spring to the fields, or as dew to the flower,
To the earth parched with heat as the soft dropping shower;
As health to the wretch that lies languid and wan;
Or as rest to the weary—is Freedom to man.
Where Freedom the light of her countenance gives,
There only he revels, there only he lives;
Seize, then, the glad moment, and hail the decree
That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free!

Too long had Oppression and Terror entwined
Those fancy-formed chains that enslave the free mind,

* On the Celebration of the taking of the Bastille. Produced by Mr. Roscoe at
a Meeting held on the 14th July, 1790.

Whilst dark Superstition, with Nature at strife,
Had locked up for ages the fountains of life :
But the demons are fled, the delusion is past,
And Reason and Virtue have conquered at last ;
Seize, then, the glad moment, and hail the decree
That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free !

France ! we share in the rapture thy bosom that fills,
When the spirit of Liberty bounds o'er thy hills ;
Redundant henceforth may thy purple juice flow,
Prouder wave thy green woods, and thy olive trees grow ;
For thy brow may the hand of Philosophy twine
Blest emblems ! the myrtle, the olive, and vine :
And Heaven through all ages confirm the decree
That tears off thy chains, and bids millions be free !

Song.*

O'ER the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France,
See the day-star of Liberty rise ;
Through the clouds of detraction unsullied advance,
And hold its new course through the skies.

* Written for the purpose of being recited on the anniversary of the 14th August, 1791.

An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
All Europe with wonder surveys;
And, from deserts of darkness, and dungeons of night,
Contends for a share of the blaze.

Ah! who 'midst the horrors of night would abide,
That can breathe the pure breezes of morn?
Or who, that has drunk the pure crystalline tide,
To the feculent flood would return?
When the bosom of Beauty the throbbing heart meets,
Ah, who can the transport decline?
Or who, that has tasted of Liberty's sweets,
The prize but with life would resign?

Let Burke like a bat from its splendour retire,
A splendour too strong for his eyes;
Let pedants and fools his effusions admire,
Entrapped in his cobwebs like flies.
Shall insolent sophistry hope to prevail
Where Reason opposes her weight,
When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,
And the balance yet trembles with fate?

But 't is over—high Heaven the decision approves,
Oppression has struggled in vain;
To the hell she has formed Superstition removes,
And Tyranny bites her own chain.
In the records of Time a new era unfolds,
All Nature exults in its birth;

His creation benign the Creator beholds,
And gives a new charter to earth.

O catch the high import, ye winds, as ye blow ;
O bear it, ye waves, as ye roll
From regions that feel the sun's vertical glow,
To the farthest extremes of the Pole.
Equal rights, equal laws, to the nations around,
Peace and friendship, its precepts impart,
And wherever the footsteps of Man shall be found,
He shall bind the decree on his heart.

*Sonnet,**

TO MRS. ROSCOE.

As thus in calm domestic leisure blest
I wake to British notes the Ausonian strings,
Be thine the strain ; for what the poet sings
Has the chaste tenor of thy life exprest.
And whilst delighted, to thy willing breast,
With rosy lip thy smiling infant clings,
Pleased I reflect, that from those healthful springs

* Prefixed to one of Mr. Roscoe's Translations.

—Ah not by thee with niggard love repress—
Six sons successive, and, thy later care,
Two daughters fair, have drunk ; for this, be thine
Those best delights approving conscience knows ;
And, whilst thy days with cloudless suns decline,
May filial love thy evening couch prepare,
And soothe thy latest hours to soft repose.

Inscription. *

STRANGER, who with careless feet,
Wanderest near this green retreat,
Where, through gently bending slopes,
Soft the distant prospect opes ;

Where the fern in fringed pride
Decks the lonely valley's side ;
Where the linnet chirps his song,
Flitting as thou tread'st along :

Know, where now thy footsteps pass
O'er the bending tufts of grass,
Bright gleaming through the encircling wood
—Once a Naiad rolled her flood.

* Mr. Roscoe resided for some time in the vicinity of "the Dingle" in Toxteth Park, belonging to Mr. Yates. Its delightful scenery suggested this poem.

If her Urn, unknown to fame,
Poured no far-extended stream,
Yet along its grassy side
Clear and constant flowed the tide.

Grateful for the tribute paid,
Lordly Mersey loved the maid :
Yonder rocks still mark the place.
Where she met his stern embrace.

Stranger, curious wouldst thou learn
Why she mourns her wasted Urn ?
Soon a short and simple verse
Shall her hapless fate rehearse.

Ere yon neighbouring spires arose,
That the upland prospect close ;
Or ere along the startled shore
Echoed loud the cannon's roar ;

Once the Maid, in summer's heat,
Careless left her cool retreat,
And, by sultry suns opprest,
Laid her weary limbs to rest ;

Forgetful of her daily toil
To trace each tract of humid soil,
From dews and bounteous showers to bring
The limpid treasures of her spring.

Enfeebled by the scorching ray,
She slept the sultry hours away ;
And when she oped her languid eye,
She found her silver Urn was dry

Heedless Stranger, who so long
Hast listened to an idle song,
Whilst trifles thus thy notice share,
Hast thou no Urn that asks thy care? .

*Monody on the Death of Burns.**

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,
And, SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red ;
But, ah ! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breathed the soothing strain ?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed along,

* First published in Dr. Currie's edition of the Works of Burns.

As bright thy summer suns may glow,
As gaily charm thy feathery throng;
But now, unheeded is the song,
And dull and lifeless all around,
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
And cold the hand that waked its sound.

What though thy vigorous offspring rise,
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;
Though beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in every feature, dwell;
Yet, who shall now their praises tell,
In strains impassioned, fond and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To love, and liberty, and thee?

With step-dame eye and frown severe
His hapless youth why didst thou view?
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due:
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In opening youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy favouring ear he drew
To listen to his chanted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That waked him to sublimer thought;
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild flowers pour their rath perfume,

And, with sincere devotion, brought
To thee the Summer's earliest bloom.

But, ah! no fond maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd;
His limbs inured to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried;
And, more to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depressed,
With sinewy arm he turned the soil;
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile.
Waked by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
The powers of fancy came along,
And soothed his lengthened hours of toil
With native wit and sprightly song.

— Ah! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health from labour springs,
And bland contentment smooths the bed,
And Sleep his ready opiate brings;
And hovering round on airy wings
Float the light forms of young desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now, spells of mightier power prepare,
Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;

Let Flattery spread her viewless snare,
And Fame attract his vagrant glance ;
Let sprightly Pleasure, too, advance—
Unveiled her eyes, unclasped her zone,
Till, lost in Love's delirious trance,
He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let Friendship pour her brightest blaze,
Expanding all the bloom of soul ;
And Mirth concentrate all her rays,
And point them from the sparkling bowl ;
And let the careless moments roll
In social pleasures unconfined,
And confidence that spurns control
Unlock the inmost springs of Mind :

And lead his steps those bowers among,
Where elegance with splendour vies,
Or Science bids her favoured throng
To more refined sensations rise :
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
That waits the sons of polished life.

—Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high
With every impulse of delight,—
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
And shroud the scene in shades of night ;
And let Despair, with wizard light,
Disclose the yawning gulf below,

And pour incessant on his sight
Her spectred ills and shapes of woe :

—And shew, beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief, where droops her head,
The partner of his early joys ;
And let his infants' tender cries
His fond parental succour claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
A husband's and a father's name.

'T is done, the powerful charm succeeds :
His high reluctant spirit bends ;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends.
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
As Genius thus degraded lies ;
Till pitying Heaven the veil extends
That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes.

—Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,
And, SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red ;
But never more shall Poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breathed the soothing strain.

Copenhagen.*

—“SHROUD me, shroud me, shades of night,
Save me from the blasting sight!”—
Thus, by Murder's screams awoke,
Britain's troubled Genius spoke,
Whilst beneath the northern star
Gleamed the purple cloud of war.—
—Echoing through the midnight skies,
Shrieks of fear and anguish rise,
As the battle's furious rage
Spares nor infancy nor age.—
—“Stay,” she cries, “ye ruthless hands,
Stay your fratricidal hands :
If your breasts with vengeance glow,
Drive its fury on the foe—
But the wise, the just, the brave,
Britain's glory is to save.”
Hark! the war-shouts louder swell ;
Hark! the victor's tiger yell.
—Now the work of death is o'er,
Suffering Nature bears no more ;
O'er the city's sea-girt steeps
Desolation sits and weeps :

* Alluding to the attack on Copenhagen in 1807; a measure severely reprehended by the Poet.

There the mother, wandering wild,
Asks the stranger for her child,
And sacrilegious feet have trod
O'er the prostrate fanes of God.

“Wretches! who in evil hour
Seized the trident of my power,
For whose guilt no time atones,
Murderers! whom my soul disowns,
Authors of your country's shame,
Recreants to a Briton's name;
What could prompt your furious rage
Thus the war with Heaven to wage,
In its decrees refuse to trust,
And boldly dare to be unjust?—
Say, can you pierce with steady eye
The folds of dark Futurity,
Control the stubborn course of Fate,
That good from ill may emanate,
That thus you raise, by fear unawed,
Your impious hands against your God?
—Supreme Creator! he with ease
Can smooth the waves and bridge the seas;
Can raise the feeble and forlorn,
And dash the pride of man to scorn.
Earth trembles at his mighty stroke,
At his touch the mountains smoke,
And changing at his powerful call,
Successive nations rise and fall.
Wretches! for whose dark misdeeds
Thus my soul in anguish bleeds,
By unprecedented crimes,
The reproach of future times;

Know, not long your impious sway
 Thus shall blot the face of day.
 — Rising from its native steep,
 Soon the indignant storm shall sweep,
 That shall whelm in dire disgrace,
 You and all your blood-stained race.
 — Then once more in Britain's isle,
 Suns of brighter glow shall smile,
 And the white-robed lustral band
 From pollution cleanse the land;
 Then again shall Britain's name
 Emulate her former fame,
 And her arm be stretched to save
 The just, the generous, and the brave! '

The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast.

"COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
 To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast;
 The trumpeter, Gadfly, has summoned the crew,
 And the Revels are now only waiting for you."

So said little Robert, and pacing along,
 His merry companions came forth in a throng,
 And on the smooth grass, by the side of a Wood,
 Beneath a broad Oak that for ages had stood,

Saw the Children of Earth, and the Tenants of Air,
For an evening's amusement together repair.
And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back ;
And there was the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
With all their relations, Green, Orange, and Blue ;
And there came the Moth with his plumage of down,
And the Hornet, in jacket of yellow and brown ;
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
— But they promised, that evening, to lay by their sting.
And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And brought to the Feast his blind brother, the Mole.
And the Snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance——the length of an ell.

A Mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A Water-dock Leaf, which a table-cloth made.
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought her honey to crown the repast ;
Then, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner looked up to the skies ;
And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversions to see,
Mounted high over head, and looked down from a tree ;
Then out came the Spider, with finger so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line :
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along ;
But just in the middle— Oh shocking to tell,
From his rope, in an instant, poor Harlequin fell ;
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.
Then the Grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,—
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing :

He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the Snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud, that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of Night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with a light.

"Then home let *us* hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me;"
So said little Robert, and, pacing along,
His merry companions returned in a throng.

Song,

ON THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION OF 1812.

THE fair face of morning when sudden clouds cover,
And tempest and darkness envelope the day,
Shall the gloom of the moment deter the true lover
Who hastes to the home of his mistress away?

When heaved from its base proudly swells the vast ocean,
And danger rides high on the crest of the wave,
Undaunted the mariner views the commotion,
And bares his bold bosom the sea-storm to brave.

Then say, shall the Patriot e'er prove a recoiler?
Shall the champion of freedom e'er stoop to despair?
Shall he basely resign to the hands of the spoiler
The prize that high Heaven has consigned to his care?

No! still to his task with fresh vigour returning,
He shall wage the bold war with corruption again;
As the lion, that, roused by the beam of the morning,
Shakes off the light dew-drops that hung on his mane.

If he fall—like the warrior he falls, in his duty,
Whilst his country shall hail him, and angels approve;
If he conquer—he wins from the bright hand of Beauty
The wreath wove by Liberty, Friendship, and Love.

The Return.

In search of amusement abroad if we wander,
Novel scenes for a while may the senses decoy,
But short the delight their attractions can render,
If wedded affection partake not the joy.
Without the loved bosom to share each transaction,
'T is in vain that to distance for pleasure we roam;
For the magnet still turns towards the source of attraction,
And the heart, though long travelled, still points to its home.

O Home! how delightful thy tranquil enjoyments,
When again on thy hearth the tired limbs are reclined ;
When, wearied no longer with restless employments,
We resign to calm pleasures the indolent mind !
O! moments of bliss, when, all thronging around me,
I see the bright faces, with pleasure more bright ;
Whilst one 'midst the rest more rejoiced to have found me,
Glow with warmer emotions, with deeper delight.

Thus, down from the mountain some rivulet gushing
O'er the precipice steep gives its current to flow,
In eddies now swept, now in cataracts rushing,
Till it reaches at length the calm valley below ;
There, tormented no more by its vagrant meanders,
Its fugitive waves seem delighted to rest,
O'er its placid expanse not a breath of air wanders,
And heaven smiles serene in the calm of its breast.

Sonnet,

TO DR. CURRIE.

As, o'er the blue expanse of summer's sky,
Pass the light vapours that return no more ;
As, on the margin of the breezy shore,
Waves after waves successive rise and die ;

Thus pass the transient race of human kind,
That, sweeping onward towards oblivion's gloom,
Yield unreluctant to their cheerless doom,
Nor of existence leave a trace behind !
Yet, CURRIE, some there are of loftier aim,
That spurn the inglorious lot, and feel within
The ardent hope that pants for public praise ;
Anxious, like thee, with well-deserved acclaim,
From glory's shrine her greenest wreath to win,
And bid their memory live to future days.

*In Memory of Richard Reynolds, of Bristol.**

O LET no plaint be heard, no murmurs rise,
When, ripe in years and goodness, REYNOLDS dies !
But 'mid the precincts of this sacred bound
Let calm and holy silence breathe around ;
Whilst filial duty, bending o'er his bier,
Consigns to Gratitude the sorrowing tear ;
And humble Hope, with feelings unexpressed,
Owns the full promise through her thrilling breast.

For oh ! if breathings of accordant airs,
The orphan's offerings, and the mourner's prayers,

* Mr. Reynolds died on the 10th of September, 1816, aged 80 years.

Blessings from fervent hearts, in secret paid,
For soothing comforts, and for timely aid ;
For prompt compassion, vigilant to save,
For bounty, generous as the heart that gave :
If these, ascending towards the Source of Light,
May waft the spirit on its heavenward flight,
Then, REYNOLDS, 'midst the mansions of the just,
Crowned are thy labours, and confirmed thy trust ;
Then, the last shade of earthly doubt removed,
Thy deeds recorded, and thy life approved,
Thou hear'st with joy thy Master's blest decree—
“ What thou hast done for these, was done for Me.”

Sonnet,

ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

As one who, destined from his Friends to part,
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, Affliction's dart,—
Thus, loved associates ! chiefs of elder art !
Teachers of wisdom ! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you ; nor with fainting heart—
For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,

And all your sacred fellowship restore ;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with Mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

*Invocation.**

God of the changeful year!—amidst the glow
Of strength and beauty, and transcendant grace,
Which — on the mountain heights, or deep below
In sheltered vales, and each sequestered place—
Thy forms of vegetable life assume,
—Whether thy pines, with giant arm displayed,
Brave the cold North, or, wrapt in Eastern gloom,
Thy trackless forests sweep, a World of Shade ;
Or whether, scenting Ocean's heaving breast,
Thy odoriferous isles innumerable rise ;
Or, under various lighter forms imprest,
Of fruits and flowers, thy Works delight our eyes,—
God of all Life! whate'er those forms may be,
O! may they all unite in praising Thee!

* Prefixed to his work on Monandrian Plants.

Anthem.*

Holy, holy, holy
Lord God Almighty!
Thou to whom, alone, are
All praise and glory due!

Holy, holy, holy
Lord God Almighty!
Father everlasting!
Righteous, just, and true!

Bending down before thee,
Lo! thy sons adore thee,
Hand and voice declaring
 JEHOVAH is thy Name:
Winds in tempests blowing,
Waves o'er ocean flowing,
To remotest regions
 Thy might and power proclaim.

In the heavens' expansion
Thou hast fixed thy mansion,
Clouds of endless glory
 Encompassing thy throne!

* Set to music by Mr. Webbe.

Heard but in thy thunders!
 Seen but in thy wonders!
 Through eternal ages
 Thou art God alone!

'T is thy breath informs us;
 'T is thy spirit warms us;
 If thy face be turned
 We should cease to be.
 Height nor depth oppose thee,
 Trembling nature knows thee;
 Through the vast creation
 There is none but Thee.

Holy, holy, holy
 Lord God Almighty!
 Thou to whom alone are
 All praise and glory due!
 Holy, holy, holy
 Lord God Almighty!
 Father everlasting!
 Righteous, just, and true!

Hymn.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—JOB xiii. 15.

God of my life, my hope, my fear,
 In whom alone is all my trust,

I feel the closing hour draw near
That gives this fainting frame to dust.

Like the tired hart, at bay I stand,
Thy toils have compassed me around ;
I wait the death-stroke from thy hand,
And stoop resigned to meet the wound.

Yet one fond wish still warms my soul
To thee, in humblest hope exprest,
That, ere the darkening shadows roll
To close me in their final rest ;

Thou would'st some worthier aim inspire,
Some living energy impart,
Some holier spark of purer fire
Rekindling in my dying heart ;

That when, removed from grief and pain,
This fragile form on earth shall lie,
Some happier effort may remain
To touch one human heart with joy ;

One nobler precept to bestow,
One kind and generous wish reveal,
To bid the breast with virtue glow —
To love, to pity, and to feel ;

To soothe the ills it cannot cure ;
The sufferer's injuries redress ;
And through life's varied channels pour
The living streams of happiness.

Then, though in cold oblivion laid,
Some secret beam of heavenly glow
May pierce the dark incumbent shade,
And warm the dust that rests below.

This mouldering form, from God that came,
An instrument at his command,
Waits silent yet, through all its frame,
The impulse of its Master's hand.

Smite, Lord! this frame shall own thy power,
And every trembling chord reply;
Smite, Lord! and in my latest hour,
This falling frame shall ring with joy.

Orison.*

ALL nature, hear the sacred song!
Attend, O earth, the solemn strain!
Ye whirlwinds wild, that sweep along;
Ye darkening storms of beating rain;
Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear;
And solitary deserts, hear!
Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's praise
The creature of his power aspires his voice to raise.

* Translation from the Italian of Lorenzo de Medici.

O may the solemn breathing sound
Like incense rise before the throne,
Where He, whose glory knows no bound,
Great cause of all things, dwells alone.
'T is He I sing, whose powerful hand
Balanced the skies, outspread the land ;
Who spoke—from ocean's stores sweet waters came,
And burst resplendent forth the heaven-aspiring flame.

One general song of praise arise
To Him whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life, and breath, on all bestows.
Great source of intellect, his ear
Benign receives our vows sincere :
Rise, then, my active powers, your task fulfil,
And give to him your praise, responsive to my will.

Partaker of that living stream
Of light, that pours an endless blaze,
O let thy strong reflected beam,
My understanding, speak his praise :
My soul, in stedfast love secure,
Praise Him whose word is ever sure :
To Him, sole just, my sense of right incline,
Join every prostrate limb, my ardent spirit, join.

Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, Sole Good, give praises due :
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him, Only True.

To him, my every thought, ascend,
To him my hopes, my wishes, bend.
From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns arise,
And his own word convey the pious sacrifice.

In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all my faculties combined,
Thy just desires, O God, fulfil.
From thee derived, Eternal King,
To thee our noblest powers we bring:
O may thy hand direct our wandering way,
O bid thy light arise, and chase the clouds away.

Eternal Spirit! whose command
Light, life, and being gave to all;
O hear the creature of thy hand,
Man, constant on thy goodness call:
By fire, by water, air, and earth,
That soul to thee that owes its birth,
By these, he supplicates thy blest repose,—
Absent from thee, no rest his wandering spirit knows.

Hymn.

HEAVENLY Father! in whose sight
Darkness flashes into light,

Gracious, from thy throne on high,
Cast on me a pitying eye ;
See my soul in anguish tost,
Lost to peace, to virtue lost,
Struggling with its weighty chain,
Struggling ever, but in vain ;
As some wretch, the tempest o'er,
Labours to regain the shore,
So, my God, my spirit tries
From the sea of vice to rise.
Still my powers are weak to save,
Still pursues some stronger wave,
And, with a resistless sweep,
Whelms me in the foaming deep.

Long the dupe of human pride,
Have I on myself relied ;
Long sustained the unequal strife
That defended more than life ;
By such weak allies betrayed,
Now no more I trust their aid,
But to safer refuge flee,
Resting all my hopes on thee :
God of love ! my faults forgive,
Bid me hope and bid me live ;
Let some dawn of light control
This long darkness of the soul ;
From the temple of my heart
Bid each grovelling thought depart,
And, to guard its peace, supply
Stedfast faith and holy joy :

Meek repentance, in whose eyes
Tears of true contrition rise ;
Gratitude, whose hands are prest
Duteous on her feeling breast ;
These shall in thy sacred way
Guide my feet, long prone to stray,
Till, each meaner passion o'er,
I may tempt thy frown no more ;
Nor, of youth and vigour vain,
Sow in sin to reap in pain.

Swiftly fly the rolling year !
Till that happier morn appear
That my noblest hopes shall see
Centred, O my God ! in Thee !—
That shall teach my thoughts to rise
O'er the world and all its joys :
Bend obedient to thy laws ;
Feel the worth of self-applause ;
Nobly scorn each meaner care,
And, in conscious virtue, dare
All that comes in misery's train,
—Sickness, poverty, and pain,
Heedless of the hour of fate,
And prepared for either state.

WHEN human hoy
I give thee, Lord,
And on my wear
The thoughts, th

I cast above m
And muse upo
And think th
Still keeps m

I gaze upor
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And bless
To chase

I think-
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